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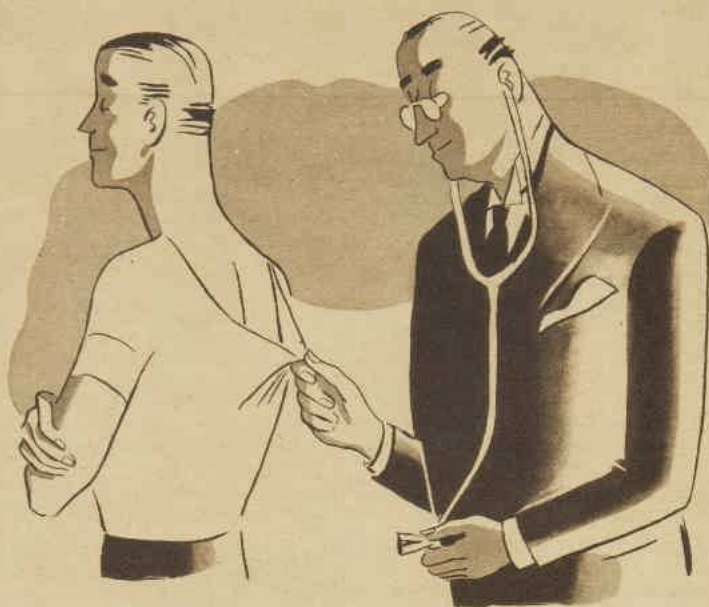
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SPOILED DARLING

By PAUL ERNST

At twelve, Susan Johns had learned the joys of dominance. She'd been invited to a party at Priscilla Brown's, with most of the youth of Remton, a comfortable town sprawled among the bays and inlets of the South Devon coast.

Susan didn't like Priscilla, and she didn't like the Brown parties—staid affairs at which you played guessing games and never once such games as Murder or Postman's Knock.

She didn't, however, see how she could avoid going; Mr. and Mrs. Johns were close friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and gave their full approval to all Priscilla's parties. This alone would have been enough to alienate Susan, who had learned early in life that what parents approve of is apt to be dull.

The party was to begin at three-thirty, so Roger Beaufort, the pudgy, proper youth who lived nearby and had been told to escort Susan, duly rang the Johns' bell at three-fifteen—and found no one there to open the door to him. This was because Mrs. Johns was busy talking to Mr. Johns, and Susan was busy eavesdropping.

"I don't see why," Henry Johns was saying, "we can't go to Frank and Helen's to-morrow night. I don't see why we've got to go to Elizabeth Pierce's thing."

"Elizabeth Pierce's thing," said Mrs. Johns, "is far more interesting than a bridge party at the Mallorys."

"I'd still rather go to Frank and Helen's," Susan's father persisted. Susan listened breathlessly. The parallel was fascinating. Her father didn't want to go to the Pierces' house-warming; she didn't want to

go to the Browns' party. She waited eagerly to see what would happen.

"Henry!" said Victoria Johns with determination.

"Oh, all right," grumbled Susan's father. "When a woman sets her mind on a thing..."

"Isn't that the doorbell?" Susan ran to open the front door with exultation in her small breast. You would have thought that there was no reason for exultation; righteousness had won and Mr. Johns would have to go to the Pierces'.

But did that mean that Susan would have to go to the Browns? Not at all! At twelve, Susan was astute enough to have realised the significance of the situation.

It meant that if she cared to, a woman could tell a man what she wanted to do, and make him do it.

On their way to the Browns' house, Susan turned to Roger and said sweetly, "Wouldn't you rather go to the pictures than to Priscilla's silly old party?"

Roger was abashed. "We can't," he said. "We've got to go to Priscilla's. They're expecting us there."

"Who's to make us? There's nobody here to make us."

"We've got to go to Priscilla's," repeated Roger.

"Wouldn't you like to do what I'd like to do?"

Roger looked at Susan, a pretty little girl with dark brown curls and big, innocent blue eyes. She wore a frilled dress that awed Roger as much as her shattering composure.

"But we've got to go..." he said, without conviction.

"Roger, we are going to the pictures."

They went to the pictures. Roger was unhappy and full of apprehension. Susan anticipated trouble, too, when they were found out, but was not unhappy. She'd proved a wonderful fact: just tell a man to do something and he will do it.

The discovery filled her with an intoxication which never afterwards entirely left her.

It was, though she did not realise it till much later, the biggest milestone in her life.

She learned rapidly to veil authority with charm. After several mistakes due to youth and inexperience, she polished her technique until, at twenty, she was wonderfully expert. She no longer told a man to do this, do that. She suggested, she assumed, she cracked the whip so sweetly that he never knew he jumped.

At twenty, she found life in Remton supremely satisfying. It had the best sailing and boating club for miles, to which Susan's father let her belong because it was such a good meeting place for the younger crowd. It was a friendly, secluded little world where a girl like Susan could have a lot of fun if she so desired.

Susan did so desire. A few of her friends were married or engaged, but Susan preferred to rule her men—two at a time—with a delicate but firm hand, and to look forward to ruling others.

She would settle down eventually, of course, as father and mother had, and she'd guide her husband as he should be guided, just as mother did father. It was a nice, uncomplicated plan, and when Susan first met Bill Larson she recognised no threat to it.

It was at the club, where she had gone to the Saturday night dance with Lawrence Roan. Lawrence was a child of wealthy parents, very eligible, good-looking in a straight-nosed, big-shouldered way. He hadn't wanted to go to the club, he'd wanted to take Susan out in the speedboat he had just been given for his twenty-first birthday.

Susan was dancing with Roger Beaufort when Bill came into the room.

He did not look formidable. He wasn't as tall as Roger. He wasn't as wide across the shoulders as Lawrence. He was unsmiling, his nose was blunt and

covered with freckles, and his eyes were rather too blue under sand-colored hair.

Neither Roger nor Lawrence would willingly have introduced any new man to Susan, but at the end of the dance Susan found herself and Roger standing next to Priscilla Brown and the new member. Priscilla introduced them with reluctance.

"Susan, this is Bill Larson. Bill, Susan Johns." Susan glanced up at Bill, and was interested to note that he kept looking at her while shaking hands perfunctorily with Roger.

When the next dance started, Bill Larson asked Susan to dance. "You're new here, aren't you?" she asked politely.

"Yes."

"On holiday?" she went on.

"No."

"You've come here to live?"

"Yes."

Susan was annoyed. Had his brevity of speech sprung from shyness she'd have let it pass. But he did not seem shy.

She might have snubbed him if she hadn't seen Roger glowering at her. Uncertainty might be good for Roger. And for Lawrence. So she smiled up at Bill.

"Aren't you awfully warm here in that thick suit?"

"Not particularly."

"Shall we go out on to the terrace for a minute?" Susan contrived to make it a statement instead of a question.

The night was fine. Moon and stars reflected themselves on the river, which lapped against the clubhouse foundation. It was just cool enough for Susan to have needed a coat.

Bill looked at her and said slowly and comfortably: "Lovely."

"Why, thanks," said Susan, pleased.

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"Ahoy, there," called Bill, waving to Susan, "nice of you to call."

The Australian Women's Weekly, June 4, 1949 — Page 3

WYNNE W
DAVIES

**I'm convinced!
I use it!
I know!**

says charming
MAUREEN COONEY
of McPherson Street,
Glenmore, N.S.W.

**New
Pepsodent
gives my teeth
a radiant
new
whiteness**

Lovely sailorette in our picture is Maureen Cooney, nineteen-years old Australian blonde. She loves surfing and riding, too, and is an accomplished ballerina. At present a stenographer, Maureen's ambitions are to travel and make a profession of her modelling.

About that enchanting smile, Maureen says:

"I can always be sure of the attractiveness of my smile — I know Pepsodent keeps my teeth at their whitest. Being a model, too, a sparkling smile is absolutely necessary for me."

"NEW PEPSODENT HAS UNCOVERED THE NATURAL WHITENESS OF MY TEETH." Only New Pepsodent, with its rich-foaming, non-soapy Irium reveals that natural whiteness. Irium is the wonder cleansing ingredient which removes dingy film from teeth.

"I'M AMAZED AT THE WAY MY TEETH SPARKLE SINCE USING NEW PEPSODENT." New Pepsodent's new, exclusive polishing agent is smoother — gives a higher polish and lustre to teeth with complete safety.

"NEW PEPSODENT MAKES MY MOUTH FEEL SO FRESH."

There's nothing to beat New Pepsodent's candy taste. And that refreshing soap-free after-taste just lasts and lasts!



**New
PEPSODENT** { Try it!
Prove it
for yourself!

PL 68 142e

BILL looked down at Susan. "But a little chilly," he added.

Susan was confused. Did he mean the night? Or her?

"Wouldn't you like my coat?" he asked impersonally.

"Well, no!" said Susan, feeling first flat and then furious. "Oh, there you are, Roger," she went on smoothly as Roger came up to them, having evidently followed them out.

She smiled brightly at Bill. "I'm sorry, I'm booked for the next dance."

"That's all right," Bill told her. "So am I."

Susan went home in a rage for which there was no explanation.

Next morning, over breakfast, Susan learned more about Bill Larson.

There were four of them at the table — Henry and Vickie Johns, Susan, and Vickie's bachelor brother, Nigel Norris, tanned and prosperous and looking very fit for his great age of forty-eight. Susan was looking at Uncle Nigel and wondering why he'd never married, when she heard the annoying name.

"... bought the old Hubbell place," Henry Johns was saying. He was in shirt sleeves and slippers, an attire permitted by Mrs. Johns only on Sunday mornings.

"Who, dear?" said Vickie Johns, who looked more like Susan's elder sister than her mother.

"Family by the name of Larson. He's a boatbuilder. Special jobs, to order. Yachts."

"That sounds luxurious. He should join the Sailing Club."

"He has," Susan put in. "His son was there last night."

"Oh?" said Vickie absently. "Nice boy?"

"An ill-mannered boor," said Susan viciously.

Her mother was unperturbed. "I hope you were nice to him. He must feel shy and lonely, being new here."

"Shy!" Susan could hardly speak. And then she went to answer the phone.

It was Roger. He said he was coming over in his father's car to take her swimming. Could he?

"Well, all right," Susan said. After all, the weather was perfect for a good swim.

Lawrence Roan reached the house in his new speedboat just as Roger arrived. The two glared at each other with deep animosity but outward calm.

"I don't know how you get away with it," remarked Uncle Nigel to his niece.

Susan was affronted by this remark. She told Lawrence that it would, of course, be lovely to go to the beach by boat, and presently Roger, sulking, got into the boat with Susan, and Lawrence gave the wheel an exuberant twiddle as they moved away from the bank.

"Pass the old Hubbell place," Susan called above the swish and roar.

"It's out of the way," Lawrence called back, but he did as he was told, and as they passed the house Lawrence slowed down.

"Boxy," Susan sniffed towards the small verandah, and the new boat-house.

The boat was near enough now for Susan to see the house more clearly. She saw the Larson boy sitting at a sort of tilted table on the verandah, and she called "Ahoy!" and then was surprised and annoyed at her own impulsiveness.

He stared towards them. "Ahoy yourself."

Roger and Lawrence were scowling at Susan, so she had to vindicate her sudden friendliness.

"Always be kind to children and strangers," she said out of the corner of her mouth. Then she called over to Bill. "We're going to the beach for a swim. Come with us."

It was a direct command, but tempered subtly as only Susan knew how to temper it.

"Sorry," Bill Larson called back.

Spoiled Darling

Continued from page 3

"Busy." He bent over his table and the two boys in the boat stared at each other open-mouthed. It wasn't often that anyone refused Susan Johns anything.

Susan snapped. "Come on, Lawrence. Let's go."

The motor had not quite renewed its roaring when Susan thought she heard a voice from the verandah say, mockingly, sarcastically meek, "Aye, aye, ma'am." But she could have been mistaken.

The beach was crowded. Susan, standing between Lawrence and Roger, flirted with them both expertly, trying to mask the anger she felt at Bill Larson's rudeness. Roger, encouraged by her attention, went so far as to demand she choose between himself and Lawrence, once and for all. But she laughed up at him.

"I couldn't," she said. "I love you both!" And they believed her.

Susan did not forget Bill Larson. Next Sunday she rose early and took out her little-used canoe and started paddling for the Hubbell place.

When Susan reached the Larson boathouse she was hot and tired, but she managed to look cool and distant as her canoe slipped through the water.

"Ahoy, there," called Bill, strolling down the landing-stage. "Nice of you to call."

Susan was indignant at his calm assumption that she'd come to see him, but then he probably didn't know that the Harpers lived half a mile farther on, and that Susan was actually on her way to visit them.

"Come on in," said Bill. So Susan, somewhat haughtily, paddled to his landing-stage and got out. He led her on to the verandah.

"Sit?" he said, waving towards a lumpy easy chair. She sat down and looked at him.

He was wearing a sports shirt and slacks, and looked decidedly attractive.

She said she hadn't seen him at the club last night, and he said no, he'd been away.

THERE was a tilted table where Bill had been working. It was a sort of easel, and on it a sketch of the water outside the verandah. "So you're an artist," Susan said.

"No, I'm a shipbuilder," was the reply. "This is just doodling."

Susan said then that she'd have to be going; she hadn't intended to do more than wave to him on her way to the Harpers.

"Come in and meet my family," said Bill.

He took her arm as if it had been the handle of some worn, familiar object instead of the sought-after limb of Susan Johns, and walked her into the house.

He introduced her to his mother, a small, blonde bird of a woman, and his father, a big, not very talkative man. Then he led her outside again.

"Want to go fishing with me?" he asked.

"Fishing!" Susan exclaimed. "Nobody goes fishing."

Bill grinned. From the point where they stood, without looking hard, you could see eight rowing-boats with people fishing.

"I mean," Susan explained, "only the trippers go fishing. Nobody who lives here does."

"I do," said Bill, starting towards the boathouse. Only the desire on Susan's part to show him that she wasn't bossy led her finally to accept the invitation. Nothing else.

And yet she rather enjoyed the next few hours, and meant it when, on parting, she said, "It was fun, Bill."

"Yes," said Bill. "In a way."

"Come over to us on Wednesday night," invited Susan.

"I'm not sure I . . ."

Susan was sure. She was going out with Lawrence on Tuesday, and Roger on Thursday, and Lawrence again on Friday.

"Seven-thirty," she told him brightly. "Good-bye."

She had decided that before she was through she'd make the imperturbable Bill Larson feed out of her hand. She thought one full evening in the proper setting might achieve this. The proper setting, though, required solitude, which required Vickie and Henry Johns to go out somewhere. And, Susan being Susan, they did so in the end.

On Wednesday night the stage was set. Susan had put the best records on the radiogram; the tall lamp was lit, bringing out the lights in her hair.

At seven twenty-five she sat on the sofa with a book in her hands and waited for Bill to see her through the window as he came up the steps. At seven-thirty-five she frowned at her book, and at a quarter to eight she strode to the window. There was no sign of Bill.

At eight o'clock she was more angry than she'd ever been in her life, and at eight-twenty she strode to the phone.

"Bill isn't at home to-night," said Mrs. Larson. "Who? Susan. I'm so sorry. I know Bill will be, too, I'll tell him you phoned."

On Thursday evening Roger received such flattering attention from Susan that he got quite insistent about it. It was time, he said, that he and Susan had an understanding.

On Friday, Susan's smile was such that Lawrence recoiled under its impact. He said earnestly that it was time he and Susan had an understanding.

On Saturday night Susan saw Bill again. At the club.

He saw Susan, grinned, and came towards her even though she glared at him in frosty fury. Ignoring Lawrence, who was with her, he said, "May I have this dance?" and then whirled Susan away.

"Of all the domineering," gasped Susan. "I don't want to dance with you."

"What's the matter?" demanded Bill. "Wednesday still rankling?"

"You said you'd be there at seven-thirty."

"No. You said I'd be there at seven-thirty. I tried to tell you I was busy, but you didn't want to listen. We'll go out on to the terrace."

"I am accustomed," Susan said icily, "to being invited."

"So am I. Come along," he said, and led her to the terrace.

There was no grin on his face now.

"Let's stop telling each other what to do," he said gently. "Let's ask each other instead. We'll get along much better. For instance, instead of telling you I'm going to kiss you I'll ask you if I may."

"Well!" Susan exclaimed. But then his lips were against hers and the night was filled with warmth and stars. Susan closed her eyes.

"See what I mean?" said Bill. "Consideration does it. By the way, I'm starting in Dad's business next week, and being an earnest young man, I'll start humbly at the top of the ladder. I think I could afford a wife who'd put up with gardenias for a while instead of orchids. Now give me another kiss and think it over."

Susan went home with Lawrence — or was it Roger? — in a bemused condition. When Roger — or was it Lawrence? — asked her to go out on Tuesday evening she said absently, "Yes, darling," and then, "Oh, I'm sorry. I was thinking of something else."

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Wuff Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





Enough Rope

By HARRY F. BLAKE

LOUISE maintained her pose until Jim threw down his paint brush bad-temperedly. Then she relaxed with a sigh and flexed her cramped limbs. The beach ball she had been holding bumped suddenly across the studio floor.

"You forget," she said sweetly, continuing the argument that had raged between them, "that photographers, like artists, considerably embellish their subjects. Adrienne Knott looks very beautiful modelling extravagant furs on expensive art paper, but are you sure you'd want to know her in the flesh?"

Jim sighed. "I'd want to know her anywhere. She's on my mind. Every drawing I do, these days, has her features."

Louise tugged angrily at the belt of the beach robe she was modelling. "I've noticed that," she said tartly. "I'm not so sure that I like it, either. After all, it's my figure you use for your advertisements, but apparently my face isn't good enough."

She added thoughtfully: "You know, it's rather unnerving to see my figure bearing Adrienne Knott's face cavouring across the pages of odd magazines."

Craving pensively through the studio window and dreaming of the beautiful Adrienne, Jim seemed unaware that he was being addressed.

Louise raised her voice. "I said I am sick of supporting Adrienne Knott's head on my shoulders."

"There's nothing I'd rather do," replied Jim rapidly.

"Rubbish!" said Louise rudely. Brought shattering back to earth, Jim swung round from the window to face her.

"I suppose," he grated, "you think your face would be just right for every suit, costume, or gown I draw you in?"

"Well, perhaps not every . . ."

"Let me tell you, my dear, a wispy head of blond hair doesn't suit every style. No doubt it suits your unsophisticated type of young beauty, but my clients aren't advertising you. They are advertising their goods . . . Now come and have some lunch."

Louise stamped her foot.

"Go and have lunch by yourself, and I hope you choke, Jim Northcroft," she stormed. "I may not be as hard-faced as Adrienne, if that's what you call sophisticated, but I am almost as old as she is."

"And how do you know that, Miss Smarty?"

"She was at school when I was there."

Jim bounded across the studio and took her in his arms.

"Darling!" he cried.

Louise closed her eyes. "Yes?" she sighed dreamily.

"You really know her?"

The blue eyes flew open, no longer dreamy.

"Who?"

"Adrienne Knott, of course."

Louise disengaged herself resignedly.

"No one can say you haven't a one-track mind," she said. Then in the same tone she added: "Yes, I know her."

"And you'll introduce me to her?"

"Don't be silly! I haven't seen her since she left school."

Jim grasped her by the arms.

"Now, look here, Louise Grey," he said sternly. "I have been your best friend ever since you were a nasty, squalling little tomboy. Didn't I punch Bill Symes' nose for you when he broke your scooter?"

Louise waved a contemptuous hand.

"Poof!" she said. "I could have done that myself, only you wanted to skate in front of all the girls."

Jim reddened.

"If you are so capable," he pointed out, "why did you have to ring me in the early hours and plead with me to come and collect you the night you went out with the dancing teacher fellow?"

It was Louise's turn to blush.

"You've a very convenient memory," she said spitefully. "But there are a few incidents you seem to have forgotten."

She took a pace back to give herself room to point a scornful finger.

"There is a tall, dark, and handsome man, who loves you," Jim told Adrienne impressively.

"Who was it stole my doll to use as a model for their silly drawing? Who was it . . ."

"Ha ha," laughed Jim falsely. "Those were the days, weren't they? We were great pals . . ."

He broke off as Louise skewered him with a steely glance.

Adopting a new tack he pleaded.

"You will help me, won't you, Louise? For old times' sake."

Louise took her time to answer.

She rather enjoyed the feeling of power she had.

Then reluctantly she said: "Well, I will help you. Although it seems to me I've been helping you all my life. I modelled for you when you couldn't afford to hire a professional model, and now that you can you still want me. I suppose it's because you think you can work me to death for a pittance."

She puckered her white brow.

"I'm bothered if I can see why I should help you meet my rival, though."

"Your rival?"

"Oh! . . . Er . . . Of course, I mean in a professional sense," she said hastily, hating herself for the blush she could feel stealing over her face. "I'm thinking of taking up modelling as a profession."

"Louise!" Jim's voice was shocked.

Louise was rather surprised at the effect her announcement had on Jim. But that feeling was followed by a curious sense of well-being.

Recovering from his surprise, Jim immediately took the offensive.

"You are going to do nothing of the sort," he thundered.

"What will you do about it?" asked Louise mockingly.

"I . . . Er . . . I'll tell your father," Jim replied lamely.

"Don't be silly! If Adrienne can be a successful model, surely I can."

"You can not!"

"Why?"

The insidious purport of the question caught Jim unawares. He could not argue against the profession because it was the career of his adored Adrienne. He was left hedging.

Choosing to ignore the question he continued: "Louise! Don't you realise how awful it would be to see your face leering from the morning paper with some blurb about your personal habits?"

"Adrienne does it," Louise was pressing home her advantage.

"That is entirely different. Miss Knott is sophisticated. She has a look of superior indifference that sets her apart from anything beastly."

"That's why I think I'd be good," cried Louise excitedly. "I'd look as if I really did as the copy said. If I were supposed to have horns that hurt like the very dickens I'd look like this!"

Suiting her actions to her words Louise's face contorted alarmingly.

Jim shuddered and closed his eyes. When he opened them again Louise was behind the screen getting into her street frock.

Jim scowled and shook his fist at the screen only to withdraw it guiltily as Louise's golden head peeped around the edge to be followed by a reproving finger.

Please turn to page 26

Page 5

"From New York to You"

The Waldorf-Astoria — New York

You'll see Lily Dache hats, Hattie Carnegie gowns, Cartier jewels and the lush colors of Pond's "Lips" on the socialite New York women who go to be seen at the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue. From the eight shades in Pond's "Lips" choose the color for day . . . and the color for night . . . for you. Each color in "Lips" is knowingly romantic . . . intense . . . dynamic as the super-smart New York women who are wearing them.



 Put
New York's
colors on

your lips

*These are the Eight
Lush New York shades . . .*

- "Dither"—cool, shimmering romantic pink.
- "Heart Throb"—the dreamy lipstick shade to make hearts beat faster.
- "Black Blaze"—a triumph of dark magnetic color.
- "Dark Secret"—it's deep, dark, heady as wine.
- "Beau Bait"—a full, captivating crimson tone.
- "Rascal Red"—clear, flaming, tantalising red.
- "Honey"—lighthearted, golden-red for golden moments.

The eighth shade is the headiest of all — we call it "**BLUE FIRE**", the radiant new blue-red to set his heart ablaze.

Pond's "LIPS"

so satin smooth

stay on - and on - and on!

Actual size. Only 2/3 everywhere.



**Pond's provides
complete complexion care . . .**

Pond's Cold Cream thorough skin cleanser, and Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener — in handbag size tubes, only 1/4, economy size jars, approx. 2 1/2 times the quantity, 3/3. Ask also for Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder and Pond's Hand Lotion.

Henry Harris INVENTOR

By K. J. COLLINS

YOU have probably never heard of "Syntho Butol Organate." Neither had Henry Harris until he invented it. If you tried to find him to-day, you might look in the laboratory of the research section of the University. Or you might look in one of the big chemical companies, but you wouldn't find him in either.

Henry wouldn't be very pleased if he knew you were looking for him, and it's not likely you'll find him. He's living near a little township called Gum Tree Creek. That is all that can be said.

Henry Harris was a clerk. He had been happily married to Ursula for twenty-five years, and his life was just a smooth path for the pair of them to follow. They had their little ups and downs, but these they met with a lack of perturbation that would have put many another couple to shame.

Henry's job was dull, admittedly, but it satisfied him. He had not had to deviate from a set course for some fifteen years.

It might be said that Henry was in a groove. But if he was, and even if he was aware of it, it did not upset him in the slightest.

Life presented few difficulties to him. His working day was planned. He had his wife for companionship when he arrived home, and he had his chickens to occupy his spare time when his wife became a little tiresome.

Henry's and Ursula's life being simple and neither having great ambition, the days passed unobtrusively and pleasantly. Then came the event.

Ursula was apt to become a little quick of the tongue when her patience was tested. This particular day, she had done Henry's washing and ironing, and was preparing a salad for tea.

Henry walked in.

"Hullo, dear," he said, kissing her on the cheek.

"How was work?" she asked, smiling at him.

"Another good day, thank you. Going all the time, but not rushed."

He looked about him and saw the salad.

"To-day's Friday, dear. Did you forget?"

"Forget what?"

"Why, it's the day for steak and onions," he said mildly.

"Henry, I've done all your washing and ironing to-day. More than that you can't expect."

"But, Ursula, we've had steak and onions on Friday night for as long as I can remember. Why, it's almost a tradition."

"Tradition nothing! I'm too tired to get you anything more than salad. Salad it is, or starve."

Henry did not know what had struck him. This was unprecedented. He tried to think what he had done to displease Ursula, but could not. In all his term of married life, Ursula had never been so direct.

He thought about it. Twenty-five years. A long time. They had been in this house for fifteen. Maybe it was asking a woman too much to live in the same house doing the same things for fifteen years.

Perhaps Ursula needed a change or a rest. Yes, it would be wonderful to be able to settle in the country and raise chickens. That had been his secret desire for as long as he could remember.

They had always kept a few chickens, but to look after a hundred or possibly a thousand was the subject of only his wildest dreams.

"Ursula," she looked up. "How would you like to go and live in the country?" She continued to look. "And raise chickens?"

A slight gleam appeared in her eyes, but it died, and she scowled. "You're dreaming. Where will you get the money?"

Henry looked downcast. "I don't know," he replied sadly.

After the meal, Henry looked expectantly at his wife.

"The cake?" he inquired mildly.

"I haven't made any cake. I told you I was very tired."

Unwilling to enter into a further argument or disagreement, Henry accepted the hard fact with some misgivings. His wife's Honey Angel cake was one of the few joys in life. There was only one woman who could make such a cake, and that was his wife. Even the thought of it made his mouth water.

"I'm sorry you didn't make any," he said darily. "You know how fond of it I am."

"I told you how it is. You can't expect me to slave away all day and half the night, too, can you?"

"No."

"If you want it that badly, why don't you make some for yourself? I'm going down to the seaside to Mary's for the day to-morrow. But if you do try," she added warningly, "make sure you clean up the kitchen after you."

Ursula left early after breakfast, Henry still smarting from her barbed words.

He moodily cleaned out the chicken coop and made himself a cup of tea as a refresher. Longingly he looked at the cake-tin. The cake-tin should have been full of that heavenly stuff.

A mild resentment overcame him, and with abrupt decision he thought, "I'll show her. She won't laugh if I can make it just as well as she does."

After a search he found the recipe and assembled the ingredients, with the exception of the flour. He probed high and low for this, but with no success. Then he came upon a big brown paper bag in a dark corner of the pantry. He

crumpled it open and sniffed it.

"This'll be it, he thought.

With meticulous precision he followed the directions, and at last put the mixture into the oven. The half hour passed slowly. He sat idly in a chair waiting to remove his prize, and his mouth watered at the delicious honey smell that filled the air.

After a while the smell of honey was replaced by another, which to Henry's sensitive nostrils did not seem like Honey Angel cake at all. Still, he consoled himself, the test of the cooking is in the eating.

By the time the last of the thirty minutes had ticked away Henry was almost beside himself with excitement. He almost ran to the oven. He paused. Trembling, he eased open the door.

Amazed, Henry leapt back. His cake had become a solid mass filling the oven.

WHEN he managed to remove it, which he did by sliding out the tray on which he had rested the tin, he found a solid mass the exact size of the top half of the oven. He stared at it mutely.

It was golden brown in color, about eighteen inches square on the top and six inches deep.

He sniffed it. No Honey Angel cake this. He tried to break off a crumb, but found that the cake resisted his action in much the same way as a block of sponge rubber would.

Feverishly, he re-read the directions. No, he had followed them to the letter.

Suddenly, he caught sight of the brown paper bag with its suspicious contents. What it was, he had no idea.

He had to get rid of the cake somehow. Ursula must not see it. He took

it outside to the heap, and, crouching behind a box, threw a burning match on it. The match landed and burned itself out, but there was not the slightest trace of combustion from the cake itself. It would not burn.

Paced with this grim finding, Henry racked his brain frantically. How? Before Ursula gets back. Quick! Where?

He had an idea. He put the cake in one of the laundry tubs and turned the tap on it. Surely it would dissolve. Henry watched the water trickling off it.

The river! Shouldering the cake, Henry made for the garage. He fumbled with the lock and heaved open the doors.

"The sooner I get this out of the place the better," he decided. "Ursula need never know."

He sat the cake on the seat beside him, fiddled with the choke, throttle, and spark-levers, and went to the front of the car to administer the cranking.

Henry plainly expected the old car to behave exactly as it did every Sunday when he took Ursula for a run. Had it gone according to custom, it would have fired on the third turn.

He gave three turns, and unthinkingly removed the handle and entered the car. Only then did he realise that there were no confident explosions under the bonnet. Again he tried. And again.

It was well past lunchtime. Henry felt curiously guilty. If he could not dispose of the cake before Ursula returned, and she found it, he would never live it down.

He phoned a mechanic who promised to come within an hour, but the hour stretched into two before the man finally arrived, mumbling thin apologies. He soon discovered the fault.

"It's carburettor trouble," he said. "Can you fix it?" inquired Henry anxiously.

"Needs a new spring. I can get one for you next week."

"Next week," repeated Henry faintly.

"What's the matter, mate? You're not sick or anything?"

"It's nothing. I just had to take this away," replied the miserable Henry, pointing to the offending result of his blunders.

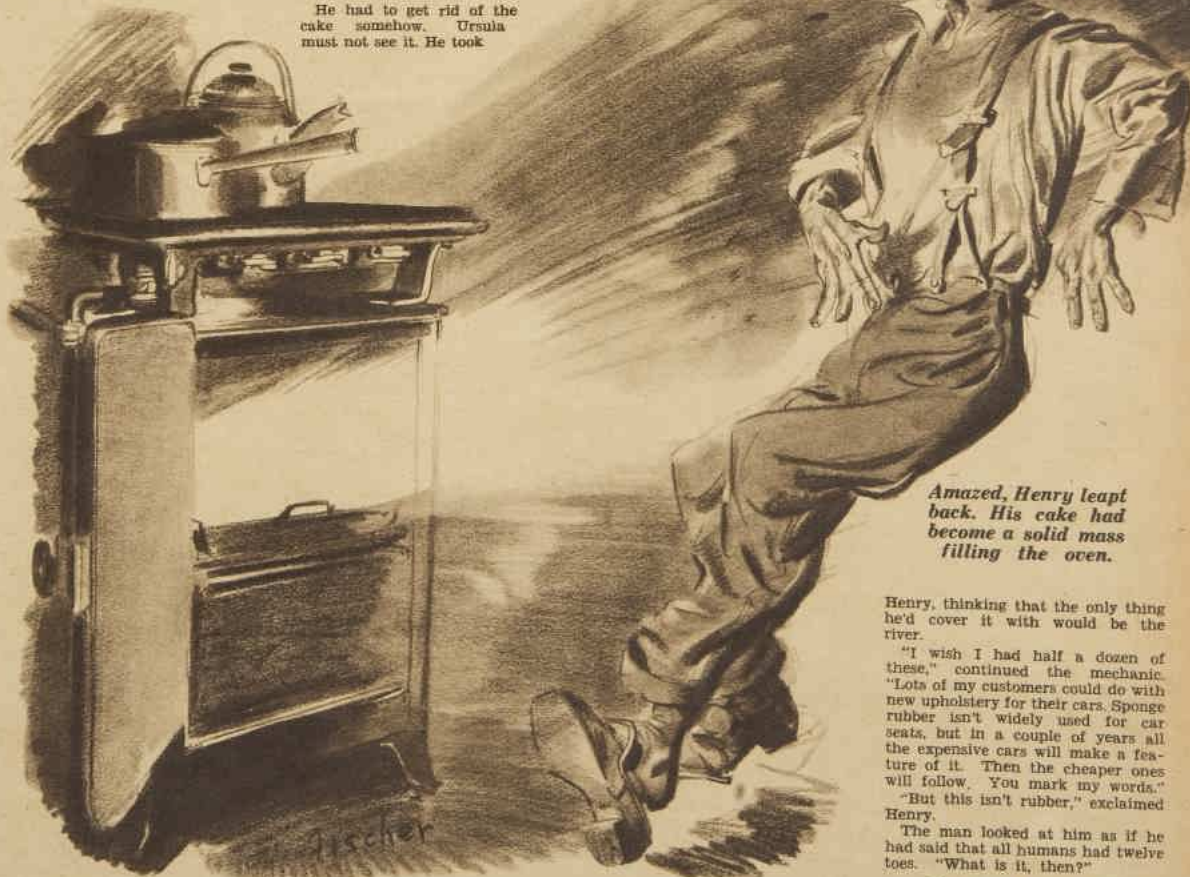
The man eyed the object on the seat. Then he went up to it and picked it up.

"You're very lucky to have this," he said.

"What?" exclaimed Henry.

"Sponge rubber is as valuable as diamonds these days," replied the mechanic. "I s'pose you're going to get it covered. It will make a lovely cushion."

"Well, I wasn't, exactly," said



Amazed, Henry leapt back. His cake had become a solid mass filling the oven.

Henry, thinking that the only thing he'd cover it with would be the river.

"I wish I had half a dozen of these," continued the mechanic. "Lots of my customers could do with new upholstery for their cars. Sponge rubber isn't widely used for car seats, but in a couple of years all the expensive cars will make a feature of it. Then the cheaper ones will follow. You mark my words."

"But this isn't rubber," exclaimed Henry.

The man looked at him as if he had said that all humans had twelve toes. "What is it, then?"

Please turn to page 30



THREE BLIND MICE

Arresting mystery serial-story version of the radio play specially written at the request of Queen Mary

By Agatha Christie

It was very cold. The sky was dark and heavy with unshed snow. A man in a thick overcoat, muffler pulled up round his face, and his hat pulled down over his eyes, came along Culver Street and went up the steps of No. 74.

He put his finger on the bell and heard it shrilling in the basement below.

Mrs. Casey, her hands busy in the sink, said bitterly, "Drat that bell. Never any peace."

Wheezing a little, she toiled up the basement stairs and opened the door.

The man standing silhouetted against the lowering sky outside asked, in a whisper, "Mrs. Lyon?"

"Second floor," said Mrs. Casey. "You can go up. Does she expect you?"

The man slowly shook his head.

"Oh, well," she said, "go on up and knock."

She watched him as he went up the shabbily carpeted stairs. Afterwards she said he "gave me a funny feeling—fair gave me the shivers."

But actually all she thought was that he must have a pretty bad cold only to be able to whisper like that—and no wonder, with the weather what it was.

When the man got round the bend of the staircase he began to whistle softly. The tune he whistled was "Three Blind Mice."

Molly Davis stepped back into the road and looked up at the newly painted board by the gate. MONKSWELL MANOR GUEST HOUSE.

She nodded approval. It looked, it really did look, quite professional. Or perhaps one might say almost professional.

The T of Guest staggered uphill a little, and the end of Manor was slightly crowded, but, on the whole, Giles had made a wonderful job of it. She had told him so when they had stood looking at it together early that morning.

"You've made a wonderful job of that sign, darling," she had said, gazing up at it enthusiastically.

Giles was really very clever. There were so many things that he could do. She was always making fresh discoveries about this husband of hers. An ex-naval man was always a "handy man," so people said.

Well, Giles would have need of all his talents in their new venture. Nobody could be more raw to the business of running a guest-house than she and Giles. But it would be great fun.

It had been Molly's idea. When Aunt Katherine died, and the lawyers wrote to her and informed her that her aunt had left her Monkswell Manor, the natural reaction of the young couple had been to sell it.

"What is it like?" Giles had asked. And Molly had replied, "Oh, a big rambling old house, full of stuffy, old-fashioned Victorian furniture. Rather a nice garden, but terribly overgrown since the war."

So they had decided to put the house on the market, and keep just enough furniture to furnish a small cottage or flat for themselves. But two difficulties arose at once. There weren't any small cottages or flats to be found, and also all the furniture was enormous.

"Well," said Molly, "we'll just have to sell it all. I suppose it will sell?"

The solicitor assured them that nowadays anything would sell.

"Very probably," he said, "someone will buy it for a hotel or guest-house, in which case they might like to buy it with the furniture complete. Fortunately, the house is in very good repair."

And it was then that Molly had had her idea.

"Giles," she said, "why shouldn't we run it as a guest-house ourselves?"

At first her husband had scoffed at the idea, but Molly had persisted.

"We needn't take very many people, not at first. It's an easy house to run. It's got hot and cold water in the bedrooms and central heating and a gas cooker. And we can have hens and ducks and our own eggs and vegetables."

"Who'll do all the work?"

"Oh, we'd have to do the work. But wherever we lived we'd have to do that. A few extra people wouldn't really mean much more to do. We'd probably get a woman to come in after a bit when we got properly started. If we had only five people, each paying seven guineas a week—"

Molly departed into the realms of somewhat optimistic mental arithmetic.

"And think, Giles," she ended, "it would be our own house. With our own things. As it is, it seems to me

it will be years before we can ever find anywhere to live."

That, Giles admitted, was true. They had had so little time together since their hasty marriage.

So the great experiment was begun. Advertisements were put in the local and London papers, and various answers came.

And now, to-day, the first of the guests was to arrive.

Giles had gone off early in the car to try to obtain some Army wire-netting that had been advertised for sale on the other side of the county. Molly announced she had to go to the village to make some last purchases.

The only thing that was wrong was the weather. For the past two days it had been bitterly cold and snowing.

It was almost dark when Molly returned. She hurried up the drive, thick feathery flakes of snow falling on her waterproofed shoulders and bright curly hair.

She hoped anxiously that all the pipes wouldn't freeze. It would be too bad if everything went wrong just as they started. She glanced at her watch. Past tea-time.

Would Giles have got back yet? Would he be wondering where she was?

"I had to go to the village again for something I had forgotten," she would say. And he would laugh and say, "More tins?"

Tins were a joke between them. They were always on the lookout for tins of any unrationed food. The larder was really quite nicely stocked now in case of emergencies.

And, Molly thought, with a grimace, as she looked at the snow, it looked as though emergencies were going to present themselves very soon.

The house was empty. Giles was not back yet.

Molly went first into the kitchen, then upstairs, going round the newly prepared bedrooms. Mrs. Boyle in the south room with the mahogany suite and a four-poster. Major Metcalf in the blue room with the oak. Mr. Wren in the east room with the bay window.

All the rooms looked very nice—and what a blessing that Aunt Katherine had had such a splendid stock of linen. Molly patted a counterpane into place and went downstairs again.

It was nearly dark. The house felt suddenly very quiet and empty.

Please turn to page 34

The Australian Women's Weekly, June 4, 1949 — Page 8

Red Condor

MONKSWELL MANOR GUEST HOUSE

*"You've made a wonderful job
of that sign, darling," Molly
said enthusiastically.*

*The Australian Women's
Weekly, June 4, 1949
— Page 9*

Snug 'n warm

Made from pure Merino wool *Hanro* women's undergarments keep you cozy on the coldest days, yet preserve a slender line because they fit perfectly without bulk. *Hanro* underwear is also available for children in accurate sizings in wool, wool mixtures and cotton. All *Hanro* underwear launders perfectly, keeps its shape and gives splendid wear.

... and for little girls, too



WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR BY

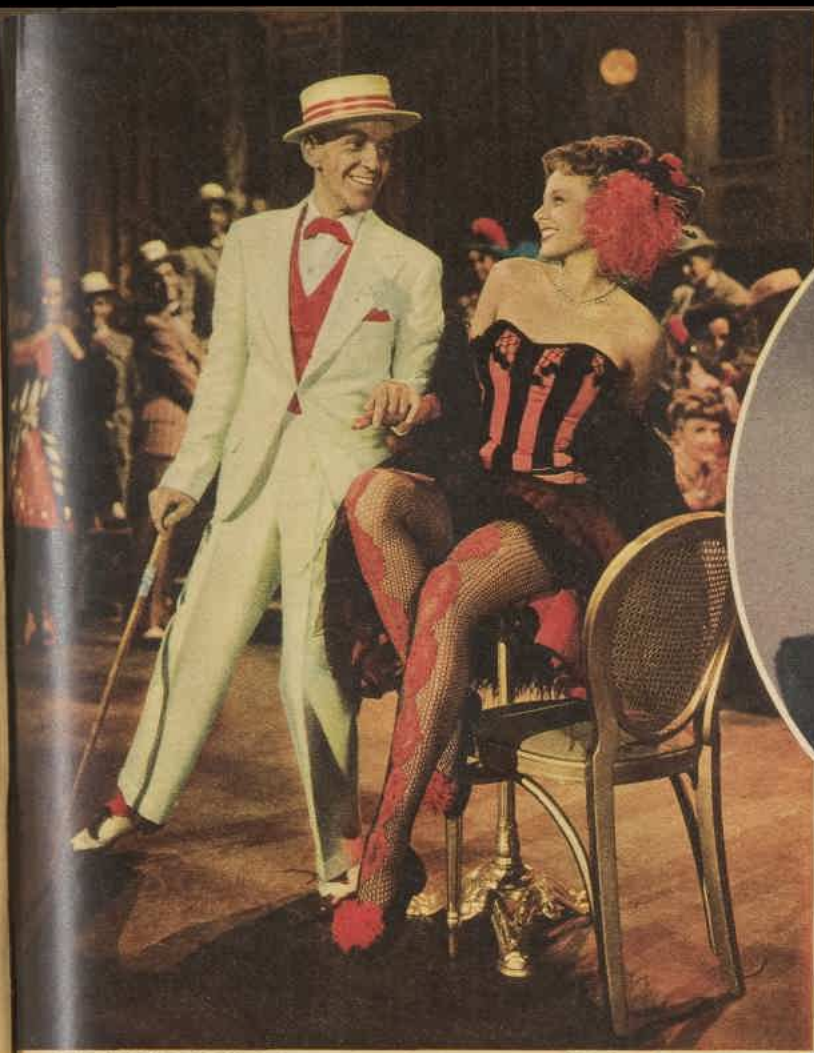
Hanro

THE QUALITY IS A PROUD TRADITION

★ *Hanro* underwear is always worth waiting for ... even if sometimes stocks are scarce. Keep on asking for *Hanro* at your favourite store.

Nationally advertised and sold by leading stores throughout Australia

In Hollywood films . . .



• DEE TURNELL (M.G.M.) in her two-minute dance appearance with Fred Astaire in "Easter Parade." Her performance set her on the way to stardom. She will be featured in several scenes in the musical "Words and Music."



• PAT O'BRIEN and teen-ager Dean Stockwell in their appealing roles in the unusual R.K.O. technicolor drama, "The Boy With Green Hair." It is a fantasy story of a boy whose hair changes color and makes him the tragic victim of ridicule.



• CO-STARS Barbara Hale and Robert Ryan photographed on the set at R.K.O. during the filming of "The Boy with Green Hair," in which they both have leading roles. Barbara plays a schoolteacher, Ryan a police officer.



• VIRGINIA MAYO, who is now under contract to Warners, arrives at the studio, where she is welcomed by Bruce Bennett, her co-star in "Smart Girls Don't Talk." Virginia is the wife of film star Michael O'Shea. She previously appeared in several films opposite comedian Danny Kaye.

Toni IS HERE!



Which Twin has the Toni...
and which has the expensive perm?

It's amazing, but true! A Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. The Toni twins show it—and you can prove it today. But, before you buy Toni, you will want to know all the answers...

Will my hair take a TONI? Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm, including grey, dyed, bleached, coarse, or baby-fine. **Can I do it myself?** Certainly! It's as easy as rolling your hair in curlers. **Is TONI guaranteed?** Yes, Toni is guaranteed to last just as long as an expensive salon wave. **Which Twin has the TONI?** "I like a loose, natural-looking wave," says Suzanne McCullough the Toni Twin. "Toni gave me just the amount of curl I wanted." Suzanne, the Twin with the Toni is at the right.

THE HOME PERM
USED BY OVER
20,000,000
AMERICAN WOMEN



A PRODUCT OF THE TONI DIVISION OF GILLETTE

"Durability" is a big word
- but not too big for

Joshua Hoyle
PRODUCTIONS OF
Sheets and Pillowcases
Made in England

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 45 York St., Sydney

SUNDAY SCHOOL at St. Paul's, Bargo. The Rev. F. A. S. Shaw drives 10 miles from his rectory at Picton, takes the class himself, gives a lead in the singing, acts as his own organist. Later he conducts a service for grown-ups. He has a district of 175 square miles.



EVERYONE knows the country rector. Frederick Shaw was walking down the main street of Picton when he was stopped by a resident who wanted to have a talk with him.



BAPTISM ceremony at St. Mark's, Picton, starts off a busy afternoon's engagements. Mr. Shaw married the baby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Unwin, and christened their other child. He has a soft spot for baptisms and weddings.

RECTOR drops in to the lounge-room of the Repatriation Building of the Queen Victoria Sanatorium, Thirimere, to see patients who will soon be discharged.



The life of a COUNTRY PARSON

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

The sight of a light burning late in a rectory study window is no strange one to the average Australian country town.

It will mean the rector is catching up with the mass of paper work he has pushed aside during a crowded day.

FOR everyone knows the country rector, everyone hails him and speaks to him. He is known to all as one man who is never too busy to drop his own work and devote himself to the problems and troubles of others.

The Rector of Picton, N.S.W., the Rev. F. A. S. Shaw, B.A., Th.L., is such a man. Staff photographer Jack Hickson and I spent the best part of three days in his company, driving in the Rector's 1939 Ford about his scattered district of 175 square miles.

"My job is to be available when I'm wanted," Frederick Shaw said by way of apology for the frequent interruptions.

The son of a country doctor—he was born at Emmaville, grew up at West Wyalong—all his early church work lay in urban areas.

Before being ordained he worked for a time as a Home Mission Agent in the highly industrialised area of Ultimo. After his ordination he was curate at St. John's, Ashfield, then at St. Clement's, Marrickville.

Before being appointed to Picton 14 years ago, Frederick Shaw spent a year as Domestic Chaplain to Archbishop Mowll at Bishops Court, Sydney.

"Being country-bred, I knew there would be a great satisfaction in working among warm-hearted country people. When this living was



AFTER EARLY-MORNING SERVICE at 99-year-old St. Mark's, Picton, the Rector walks to the gate with some of the congregation.



OVER THE TEACUPS world and parish affairs are discussed. Friendly visits like this to the Lakeside home of Miss Hilda Walker (laughing, left) provide a welcome break in Frederick Shaw's busy life.

offered me, I knew I was doing the right thing in accepting it," he said. Picton parish affairs are run by a council of 11, with Mr. Shaw as chairman.

Apart from a grant of £25 yearly given by the Home Mission Society, the parish is responsible for raising its own annual income, out of which comes the salary of rector and wages, running expenses of the parish car, and upkeep of 99-year-old St. Mark's Church.

In order to meet these and other expenses—for the offertory would not cover them—a series of bazaars, socials, and street stalls must be held throughout the year, entailing a great deal more organising and backstage dovetailing of detail than might be suspected.

When purely church affairs have been disposed of, there are those affecting the general well-being of the district.

In these, as well as in matters pertaining to his congregation, the Rector is expected to give a lead and display inexhaustible tact, patience, and organising ability.

He'll iron out difficulties associated with arranging a Sunday-school outing, with the speed and drive of a high-pressure business executive.

Like most country rectors' wives, Mrs. Shaw runs an old-fashioned, inconvenient rectory with efficiency and good humor.

"We're a family of four, and the Rectory has eleven rooms. It's easier to keep them all open and in use than to close those we could do without," she told us cheerfully.

His constant activities don't allow Frederick Shaw much time for planned leisure, but passers-by see him gardening and mowing the lawn round the old two-storied rectory.

"We usually try to keep Saturday afternoons for ourselves as a family," he said. "We go for picnics, visit friends, sometimes play tennis."

No rectory is a rich man's house—it's a well-known fact that the salary paid clergymen never reaches a high figure—but the Shaws manage to make theirs a happy, hospitable home, dispensing frequent cups of tea, meals, goodwill, and friendly warmth.

For the past few years annual holidays haven't figured in the Shaw programme, though Mr. Shaw is eligible for a month's leave a year. "But we'll have a holiday—and a

really good one—one day," he says. The Shaws have two little girls, Robyn, eight, and Helen, six. They go to the Picton school. Tragedy touched the happy rectory when the Shaws' only son died of infantile paralysis.

On Sundays the blue parish car is seldom off the roads. Frederick Shaw's district consists of nine centres; he arranges the month so that he can take a service in the most outlying churches at least once every three weeks. That means a lot of driving.

Beautiful old St. Mark's Church has two services every Sunday. The congregations range from what the Rector calls "small" to a scattering that almost fills the pews of the main body of the stone building.

Forty children are enrolled in its Sunday school. The Rector and a helper take the classes.

Every Wednesday morning Frederick Shaw sets out for the Queen Victoria Sanatorium, Thirlmere. There he conducts a service for patients well enough to attend, visits and talks to those confined to bed.

Thursday mornings see him taking five different scripture classes at Picton Central School. During the week he fits in visits to five others and gives religious instruction at each.

A HOLIDAY—SOME DAY

Friday afternoons he drives out to visit sick people and convalescents at Picton Lakes Village Settlement. One Sunday evening each month he conducts a service at the Dr. Barnardo Farm School at Mowbray Park.

He is on the committee of Picton Parents and Citizens' Association, on the committee of the Boy Scouts, a member of the Homes Entertainment Committee, and president of Picton Red Cross branch.

In between times, he brings out the parish magazine, confers with his organist about music, does the necessary reading and study for the preparation of sermons, draws up Sunday-school programmes, and tries in general to keep abreast of the cultural and scientific news of the world.

Calls in the middle of the night are no novelty to the country rector, who thinks nothing of driving miles to give consolation or private communion to people dangerously ill, sympathy and encouragement to their families.

A busy life? "Yes, but a good one," Frederick Shaw would say.



PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION of Picton Central School holds a fete in the Agricultural Hall. The Rector chats with Pat Hanger at sweet stall.



BEHIND THE SCENES the willing team of Mrs. Shaw (second from right) and other helpers tackle a huge washing-up after the fete afternoon tea.



A FAMILY MAN himself, Frederick Shaw has a smile for the baby he has just baptised.

INTEREST in a football game is taken by Mr. Shaw during informal visit to the Dr. Barnardo Farm School, outside Picton.



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No wonder its success was sensational, for this is the famous Model "T" that performs like a Console and carries like a Portable. You simply slip your hand inside the convenient hand-slot called the "Porto-Grip" to carry it from room to room. It's a 5-valve dual-wave model.

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THE "GLOBE-TROTTER" DUAL-WAVE CONVERTIBLE PORTABLE. Mod. 225U
This beautifully balanced, light-weight Portable brings you world-wide reception. Detach the lid, and it becomes a handsome, high-powered mantel model. You simply connect an external aerial and earth-lead, and plug in the large size batteries that guarantee you low home-running costs.



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Rue Suggests NECKLINES



● Jean Patou makes a black wool suit and ruches green-and-white striped taffeta into jabot-like frills for a flattering neckline.



● Dresses feature necklines cut very low, collared and filled in with a dicky of white starched pique, above left; or cut right over to one side, collared, and side-buttoned, at top; or draped in some cunning fashion, as shown above.



● Suits accent high necklines. The one above has a wide collar held up with a snug little fur tie, and the one at right has a shirt with its peaked collar pulled out over the top of a fine striped silk cravat.



● Topcoats have high pulled-up collars, sometimes tied up with long trailing scarves, like one above, or cut enormously wide and pushed up and forward like that above right.



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Vary!



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LOVELY Jennifer *knows* that pure, mild Pears is the best care precious complexions can have. Jennifer can't recall a bathtime without the thrilling luxury . . . the silken softness . . . of gentle Pears. She pays tribute to Pears for the fresh loveliness of her complexion. Use gentle Pears yourself, and *your* complexion, too, will become soft and adorable.

Even on the hottest days —
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At dance-times you'll be proud
of your Pears-kept complexion,
you'll be proud of the lovelier look
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Pears

Pears is the original transparent soap — it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.

FL 42.WWEPIC

Marjorie Lawrence returns home a conqueror

Each little triumph over disability strengthened her fighting spirit

To-day the things valued most highly by Australian operatic soprano Marjorie Lawrence aren't found in a packed concert hall or on the stage of a great opera house.

They are such small things—lifting a fresh handkerchief out of a drawer, jotting down a grocer's list—that the average woman does them without thinking. But to Marjorie Lawrence they mean that she has almost won her eight years' battle against infantile paralysis.

WHEN she was stricken in 1941, shortly after her marriage to American Dr. Thomas King, and at the height of her spectacular operatic career, it seemed that she would never again be able to pick up a fallen flower and rearrange a vase, take down a book from its shelf, make a cup of tea.

Yet to-day she is making a concert tour of Australia, singing, not as she did in 1944 from a wheel-chair, but sometimes standing up.

She can walk a few steps on crutches, take charge, from her wheel-chair, of the King ranch home, "Harmony Hills," and their New York penthouse apartment.

"Your sense of values alters when you come up against something really big," she said. "Little things that you have done all your life, almost automatically, become an achievement of supreme importance."

"Now that I'm able to do so many things for myself again, I don't think that I'll ever take them for granted or forget to be thankful."

"Finding that you can do them is like being re-born."

"I'll never forget the day I tried to use a machine again, and found that I could," she went on. "I've always loved sewing, and have done a lot of it."

"I think I machined for a week without stopping."

"My husband comes from the south, and dotes on Florida-style fried chicken. The first time I was able to go into the kitchen and cook it again for him myself was a milestone I'll always remember with gratitude."

Devoted to hats

"As you may know, I'm rather devoted to hats," she laughed. "One of my big satisfactions these days is being able to pack and unpack my favorites when travelling and not have to depend on someone else to do it for me."

"If I had to choose among all the little things that have given me pleasure I don't know which I'd select."

"To me they're all wonderful." This from a woman who had previously said that she believed one of the greatest things in life was to be self-sufficient.

Battling every inch of the way with Marjorie Lawrence over the past eight years has been her tall, pleasant-voiced, pleasant-mannered husband.

Dr. King gave up his practice to devote himself to the full-time job of curing his wife.

If the frightened, helpless first months of her illness have left their mark, it isn't apparent.

Marjorie Lawrence saw us at ten o'clock in the morning, after her plane had twice been delayed on its flight from America.

She looked magnificently healthy—sun-tanned, happy, bubbling with exuberant spirits.

Even now that his patient is near to a cure, her husband watches her comfort like an unobtrusive eagle from the other side of the room.

Marjorie Lawrence has been lucky in having the best of medical care, in the constant and knowledgeable attendance of a doctor husband, admittedly. But without her special brand of fighting spirit these would not have been enough.

The elaborate hats and piled golden curls she seemed to feature so much after her illness emerge now in their true perspective.

They were a brave gesture, a



MARJORIE LAWRENCE and her husband, Dr. Thomas King, who gave up practice to devote himself to looking after his wife when she contracted infantile paralysis two months after their 1941 marriage.

defiance of doubt and despair. Almost the only battle flag an invalid could wave to a watching world.

"Our ranch home, 'Harmony Hills,' means more to me than anyone will ever know," Marjorie Lawrence said. "I love every stick and stone of it, and the hills that surround it."

"That was where we went to live

in retirement when I could hardly help myself at all."

"Then gradually I began to do more. Now we don't even need a gardener—to-day I can do almost everything but dig."

"And I can run my own house again like an efficient housewife, with the help of my wonderful Bermudan maid, Clara."

When she is at home Marjorie

Lawrence spends hours each day out in the garden. To use her own words, she is "A member in full standing of the local garden club," a dyed-in-the-wool exhibitor with prizes to her credit, a hostess to other members when it's her turn.

"Last time I had an afternoon, we thought 'Harmony Hills' must have developed a ghostly echo," she said. "Every time the club members

FAVORITE HAT is carefully unpacked by Marjorie Lawrence, who says that being able to do little things like this again for herself is one of the most wonderful things about being almost well.

laughed or raised their voices, what seemed a mocking echo came back. "It was our turkeys, the whole thousand of them, setting up competition to the garden club."

"I wouldn't care to use the word 'cackling,'" Dr. King put in softly, "but you can draw your own conclusions."

Like husbands the world over who find themselves confronted with an outsize, all-women tea party, Thomas King finds business that takes him elsewhere when it's his wife's turn to entertain.

Apart from the turkeys, the Kings raise chickens and white-faced cattle on their 500-acre ranch.

Lectures on Australia

"I've developed into a sort of unofficial ambassador in our part of the world," Marjorie Lawrence said. "I answer all questions, have lectured and written for our club magazine about Australian birds and wildflowers."

(Marjorie Lawrence comes from the Victorian bush town of Winchelsea, where she returned to give the first concert of her present tour.)

"People around us are so interested in Australian flowers that I want to get some kind of a scheme going whereby Arkansas garden-lovers can exchange seeds with people here," she said.

She likes flowers on a breakfast tray, crocodile shoes and handbags, big dogs. The Kings have a kennel of them at "Harmony Hills," all with Wagnerian names.

She cannot bear mushrooms, black dresses when she is singing, or geranium bath salts.

"The phobia about geranium bath salts is a hangover from an embarrassing experience I had when we were staying in Hollywood with Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond," she explained.

"On the day we arrived I was very tired and had a bath and change before seeing the local Press. I didn't realise till I was among the reporters and photographers that in an absent-minded manner I'd poured almost a whole bottle into my bath, and was giving off waves of high-voltage geranium."

MARRY WHOM YOU LIKE

A SOCIAL service adviser in England says girls should not marry out of their class.

He said he knew of a waitress who could have married the managing director of the firm. He advised her not to.

This is bad advice, right out of line with modern thinking.

Marriage is "a noble daring," and each difference in outlook, manners, habits, or education is an added hazard. Success depends on the degree of adjustment of such differences to the content of both.

Difference in background—a more acceptable word than class at any time — can be adjusted.

Girls have always been quick to pick up prettier ways than they were taught at home and they can, if they will, cultivate their minds and their manners to fit any sphere.

The adviser might have been nearer the truth had he warned boys.

Men constantly marry above themselves. They have the privilege of proposing and naturally seek the best. The world holds thousands of women whose keener sensibilities are jarred by the dullness or the crudeness of the men they married.

Husbands are less quick to see faults in themselves and less willing to attempt improvement.

But on either side, let there be no talk of class.

Men and women do not marry "classes." They marry individuals and their difficulties can be overcome only by individual effort.

Marry whom you like and work for your happiness.

Australians in Stockholm

Girls have good jobs, and work as translators in spare time

By BETTY NESBIT

The dozen or so Australians who live in Stockholm get together on traditional holidays—Australia Day, Anzac Day, King's Birthday, Eight Hour week-end—and have a real Australian party with plenty of Swedish dishes.

In fact, the waiters at the famous Bern's restaurant, Stockholm's largest and most popular, where the parties are held, are learning the words of "Waltzing Matilda" and "The Road to Gundagai," so they can join in the choruses.

AT the dinner to celebrate Anzac Day, the guests decided to form an Australian Club, to which they will contribute a few kroner to cover the expenses of organising their "get-togethers."

There's no need to add that conversation at the dinners includes a good bit of nostalgia for Australian sun and beaches, which seem a long way away in Stockholm in the middle of an Arctic winter.

The talk, of course, is not all about home. The girls have plenty to discuss about their flats or rooms, their jobs, and where to buy the most attractive shoes or fur caps.

Also, if anyone is looking for a job, someone is sure to say, "Go and see Mr. So-and-so. He's looking for an English-speaking typist or secretary."

Then, the latest Strindberg production or a concert at the Concert Hall comes in for some discussion.

As most of these Australians speak Swedish fluently, they find no difficulty in following the heavy Nordic drama of Sweden's celebrated playwright.

Prime mover in the organisation of the Australian reunions is Miss Enid Metcalfe, daughter of Mrs. A. R. Metcalfe, formerly of Sydney and now living in Adelaide.

Enid, who left Australia in early 1947, lived for a year in Norway, and since then has been living in Stockholm.

Her first job in Sweden was with Colonel Poignant, who runs the Stockholm Translators' Bureau. He is the father of Axel Poignant, now a well-known photographer in Australia with the D.O.I.

Enid is now with the Svenska Gulf Oil Company, the Swedish branch of a big American oil firm. She is secretary to a Scot and a Dutchman, and does occasional translating work, typing, and shorthand for an American, a Dane, and a Swede.

The various languages and accents at first presented a few problems for her, particularly as the correspondence she had to deal with contained a welter of technical terms about oil, something she knew simply nothing about.

Now, however, she can talk back to an oil man in his own language, whether it's Swedish, Danish, or American.

Her home is in a suburb called Angby, half an hour by tram from her office. She says the district, with its lovely villas and gardens, is in great contrast to the rest of Stockholm, where people live mainly in big blocks of flats.

From the windows of her small flat, furnished with white wood furniture upholstered in pale blue

material, she looks out on to the Malar Lake, where she swims in summer and skates in the winter.

From her window, too, she looks on to stretches of dark green firs and pines with tiny squirrels running round the branches looking for nuts.

Enid says her flat is the envy of most of her Australian friends, be-



SYDNEY GIRL Enid Metcalfe with her landlady's dog, Bunna, on frozen Lake Malar.

cause she has hot and cold water all day. This is rare in these European days of coal and fuel shortages.

Oil is rationed, and big blocks of flats have hot water only four days each month in the winter.

Enid estimates that her rent costs 100 kroner a month (£8/17/- Australian), about the same for her meals (some out, and some cooked at home).

Everything is reckoned by the month in Sweden—wages, rent, rail or tram tickets.

In her spare time Enid gives English lessons to young Swedish men who plan to migrate to Australia.

One is a constructional engineer called Erik Berg, who has worked on aeroplane hangars, flats, and houses. He is 35.

The other is Berndt Iversson, who is a Hollerith operator, an American

machine which is used for book-keeping and invoicing.

The second Sydney girl is Blanche Munro, who comes from Rhodes (N.S.W.), and who worked in Sydney at the National Standards Laboratory.

Blanche arrived in England in 1948, but found it so cold she thought she would go to Sweden, working it out that, as European winters were cold, she might just as well be where it is really cold.

So she bought a pair of sheepskin boots and booked a passage to Sweden.

Her first job was as a children's nurse to a research professor, Dr. Berthil Josephson, at St. Erik's Hospital. There were four children in the family, but Blanche's main charge was Leif, the youngest, aged four and a half.

She had to speak English to all four children, and as the months passed they were speaking good English, and Blanche's Swedish was coming along splendidly.

Now she has landed a job in the laboratory of Osram Lamps. In addition to the laboratory work she has been asked to give English lessons to the staff and to the chief welfare officer.

Two Australian girls who are frequently mistaken for Swedes are tall blonde Anne Single, of West Maitland, N.S.W., just 23, and another fair head, Jo Johansson, of Adelaide.

Jo worked her way to England last year in the windjammer Viking, which carried a grain cargo from South Australia.

She was paid 1/- a month as stewardess, and as the trip lasted six months earned 6/-. But if she had paid her fare it would have cost anything up to £200.

Jo is visiting relatives in Sweden, and worked for some months as a nurse to the children of a Swedish actress, Fru Bernard, who plays the lead in a current Stockholm production of "White Horse Inn."

Jo, Blanche, and Enid are hoping to spend late summer in August working on farms in Finland, helping with the harvest.

This makes an economical holiday, and means seeing something of the real rural life of the Nordic countries.

Then there's Joan Fosbery, formerly of Macleay Street, Potts Point, N.S.W. She has a job as a nurse at Epedem Hospital, where she has a pleasant room to herself, fitted up rather like the cabin of a ship.

Finally there is Lenore Leberg, of Swedish parentage, but who has lived all her life in Melbourne.

She worked her way to Sweden as a stewardess in a Swedish ship, and is now looking for a job ashore, as she would like to see more of Sweden before returning to Australia.

It seems that it's mostly girls who have the wanderlust, because they outnumber the male Australians in Stockholm.

One is Gerry Grant, operations manager for Scandinavian Airways. Another is Arne Jodell, of Melbourne. Arne was born in Sweden, but his father took him to Australia when he was 12.

Arne went to school in Melbourne and later to the University, where he got his engineering degree.

He became an Australian citizen before coming to Sweden to do certain technical work.

Interesting People



Mlle ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF

... Viennese soprano

ONE of Europe's leading operatic and concert singers, beautiful Viennese soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf will tour Australia this winter for the A.B.C. For past two seasons she has been principal soprano at Covent Garden, has sung at La Scala, the Salzburg Festival, and the Vienna Opera. She learned to speak and write English in her student days, when, as a League of Nations scholarship-holder, she lived for six months in England.



COMMISSIONER HUGH SLADEN

... thank you

ENGLISH Salvation Army personality Commissioner Sladen is on world tour with wife expressing gratitude to countries who contributed to European War Relief. Mrs. Sladen is a granddaughter of Salvation Army founders William and Catherine Booth; her husband is the grandson of the Earl of Cavan. Commissioner Sladen heads the International Public Relations Bureau in London, and was Territorial Commander for Finland.



MISS MARIAM CHACKO

... Syrian Christians

FOR eighteen years Y.W.C.A. Regional Secretary for Travancore State of South India, Miss Mariam Chacko is in Australia on six months' furlough. She is descended from the Syrian Christians, one of oldest known Christian groups in world, which claims its founders were baptised by St. Thomas, disciple of Christ. Before she goes back to India, Miss Chacko will have visited Y.W.C.A. branches all over Australia and studied their methods.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By Gus



HAT from Paris for Alison Cunningham, of Gladswood Gardens, Double Bay, who wears royal-blue and white printed silk frock beneath royal-blue light wool coat lined with material of frock. Her white straw hat from Paris is trimmed with chrysanthemums.



SISTERS. Pamela Roach (left) and her sister Patricia, of Bellevue Hill, attend garden party together on second presentation day. Pam wears midnight-blue moiré frock. Pat wears Christian Dior model of soft taffeta. Girls are daughters of Mr. Hughie Roach.



LEAVING luncheon party at the Ritz. Mrs. Mighell (left), Acting High Commissioner Mr. Norman Mighell, Mrs. Holgar Loring, sister of Mrs. Mighell, and Nancy Loring, her daughter, leave for Royal Garden Party.

Royal Garden Party

By **ELLIE BAILEY** of our London office

THRILL for Australians in London when many, particularly young girls just left school, attend first Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Though His Majesty looks fit and well doctors see him before presentation party and the Queen keeps an anxious eye on him during lengthy proceedings.

Australians on diplomatic staff have new status at Court, and fall in line with foreign diplomats for "passing the presence."

Lord Chamberlain presents Acting High Commissioner Norman Mighell and Mrs. Mighell, then steps aside while Mr. Mighell presents in turn Air Vice-Marshal Eric Hewitt, O.B.E., and Mrs. Hewitt; Air-Commodore E. G. Knox Knight, O.B.E., and Mrs. Knox Knight; Commander V. A. T. Smith, D.S.C., R.A.N., and Mrs. Smith; and Mr. and Mrs. John Bridges.

MORE formal atmosphere of Court is recaptured in long ballroom, where chandeliers make waterfalls of light. A gentleman-in-waiting tells Mrs. Mighell, "This is a big step towards full evening Courts."

THOSE not on diplomatic staff drop a mass curtsy in one or other of the state rooms through which the King and Queen walk slowly. Lucky early arrivals get seats in ballroom, and see whole diplomatic presentation.

PRIZE for good frocking went to wives of diplomats from Latin-American countries. Heavy cotton poplin was choice of many guests. All frocks bore the stamp of Paris, and accessories were beautifully matched and wildly expensive-looking.

MATRON CONSTANCE FALL is a tall, dignified figure at presentation party in a new, soft, twilight shade of blue with amusing motif of tiny houses. Her black hat has a blue rose tucked under brim. She went afterwards to cocktail party given by Mrs. James McAteer, wife of private secretary to High Commissioner Mr. John Beasley.

LOTS of Australians come on from Palace to party, including Mr. and Mrs. John Bridges, latter all in black and very smart; Major and Mrs. Charles Waterman, the Austin Tuohys and daughter Margaret, who made her debut this year. Miss Moya Conney, of Vaucluse, staying with the McAteers, is also there in powder-blue frock and pink hat she wore to party.

SHIELA DAVIS, of Warsaw, in multicolored stripes on saxe-blue crepe full-skirted frock, went on to a small party for Australians at London home of Mrs. George Todd. Shiela is doing child development course at London University, and takes opportunity of long vacation to travel in Europe. She has been to Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, France, and Italy, but this year hopes to attend the B.B.C. Training School during holidays. She did "Kindergarten of the Air" on A.B.C.



COUNTRY LASS. Barbara Patterson, of Tamworth, wears dusty-pink floral crepe frock with pink straw hat, black suede purse, and traditional white court gloves.

JEAN O'NEILL, of Chatswood, pins long veil from her smart white hat to frock with Cattleya orchid flown from Australia to her by her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Barry McDonald, of Bellevue Hill. Jean goes straight from Court presentation to dinner party given by Madeline Page, of Kirribilli, and over coffee works out details of holiday in Italy they plan to have together.

COMMANDER and Mrs. Charles Cree, of Tasmania—she was formerly Mary Chapman, of Edgecliff—at first presentation party at Buckingham Palace.

Mrs. Cree, in grey chiffon ballerina-length frock with grey gloves and hat, entertained afterwards in Silver Grill, Savoy Hotel. Mrs. Cree's mother, Mrs. Peter Corney, who recently arrived in London, and Miss Diana Chapman, Mrs. Cree's sister, also present.

WENDY GIBB, of Drummoyne, in sky-blue crepe and burgundy accessories, is proud of the fact that the whole Court outfit came from Sydney. Wendy is also proud of the fact she's already been on television in London.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL'S WIFE. Mrs. Eric Hewitt, attended garden party at Buckingham Palace with her young daughter, Barbara. Mrs. Hewitt wore a grey-and-pink floral frock and her daughter was dressed in aquamarine-blue frock with knife-pleated skirt.



AUSTRALIANS IN LONDON. Air-Commodore E. G. Knox Knight, O.B.E., and Mrs. Knox Knight leaving for Presentation Party. Air-Commodore Knox Knight is member of Diplomatic Staff in London.



DAUGHTERS OF A.J.C. president, Susan and Barbara Potter, daughters of Mr. Alan Potter, president of A.J.C., leave St. James' Court for presentation party. Their mother, Mrs. Potter, accompanied them.

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CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

TFL:42.49

Spoiled Darling

Continued from page 4

IN a dreamy state Susan drank cocoa in the kitchen with Vickie and Henry, who had been out to dinner. Her mother said, "Did you see the Larson boy? And did you tell him what you thought of him for Wednesday night?"

Susan looked at her mother and blushed slowly and, without replying, went dreamily to bed.

Susan was quite contented with affairs. She had no intention, of course, of entering into permanent bondage with anyone—even Bill—just yet. Besides, she told herself, no girl—certainly no girl of her type—could be happy for long if she submerged her identity and independence in those of someone else.

Susan had good evidence from her father and mother to bear this out. There had been a happy marriage, and it was because Vickie gave all the orders. Susan had a feeling that, with Bill, she'd be taking the orders, not giving them. Unless . . . and then she had an idea.

Suddenly she had remembered that Uncle Nigel was coming again for a week-end, and that he had sold his boat last autumn and had not yet bought a new one.

She went to the telephone.

"Bill," she said, "we'd like you to come for tea on Saturday."

Bill said he'd like to come, but added cautiously, "What for?"

"We'd just like you to come," Susan repeated.

"O.K.," said Bill, though still sounding slightly guarded.

When Uncle Nigel arrived on Saturday he was mildly surprised at the cordiality of his niece's greeting.

"It's so nice to have you here," Susan said, hanging on to his arm.

"It's nice to be here," said her uncle. "But what . . . ?"

Henry Johns laughed. "There'll be a young man to supper and Susan wants a favorable verdict."

"Just one young man?" murmured Susan's uncle.

At about seven Bill arrived at the Johns' house.

Susan introduced him to her uncle. And then, as soon as she decently could, she turned the talk to boats.

"Uncle Nigel had a beautiful racing yacht, till last autumn. Then he sold her," she told Bill.

"Oh?" he said, but no more. And him an expert on boats!

For an instant Susan questioned the soundness of her plan, but then she went on, giving Bill a still more obvious lead. "Uncle Nigel hasn't bought another boat yet."

"Not yet," said Norris. One eyebrow went up a little. "Did I hear Susan say you were a boatbuilder, Larson?"

Bill stared at Susan. Their eyes clashed, and Susan felt suddenly chilled and out of her depth.

"In a way," Bill said to Norris. And that was all he said for forty minutes till they sat down to tea.

When Bill had been politely worthless till she could have tossed the gravy-dish at him, Susan tried again: "What kind of boat do you think you'll get, Dad? Another speedboat, or something with sails?"

"Something with an outboard motor's more my idea," said Henry Johns.

Bill nodded sagely. "They're good sport."

"I'll deal with you when I get you alone, Susan thought. But at the same time a chilly fear began to steal over her, and it spread and grew colder as the evening advanced and Bill said nothing about taking her to the Saturday night club dance as she'd assumed he would.

When, at last, she got him alone, she didn't deal with him as she had planned. She had rehearsed what she meant to say: "Look—here are two men wanting to buy boats. And you build boats. Why didn't you take the hints I gave you?"

But Bill spoke first, and she hadn't noticed before how the muscles stuck out at the corners of his jaw when he was angry, or how aggressive was the jut of his square chin when he thrust it out at her.

He said tonelessly, "It was awfully nice of you to ask me round to-night and I'm sorry I have to leave early." There was dead silence for a moment, with Susan, for once, at a loss for words.

"I have to see a man about a boat," he went on.

Susan was scared which she had never been before in all her calm and authoritative dealings with men. But she was angry too. She'd taken more from Bill to-night than any girl could be expected to put up with. She'd given Bill the chance to get to know her family and also to sell two boats and this was how he was taking it!

"You're not a bit sorry!" she flared. "And you don't have to see anyone about anything at this time of night."

"Yes," said Bill. "Business. I conduct my own business transactions, you see."

"Bill Larson, you are the most obstinate . . . I only wanted to help you. It was all for your—"

Bill just said, "Good-bye, Susan," and walked away.

Although Susan hung round the house hopefully Bill didn't phone all that endless week, and when she did not see him at the next Saturday night dance she became really alarmed.

Susan told herself tearfully that she'd only acted for Bill's benefit. She told herself that what Bill wanted in a woman was absolute slavishness and she was well rid of him.

It was no good. She was miserable without him.

When Sunday, the eighth day, passed without a sign, Susan knew defeat. Bill would never see her again. In conspiring to show him what a bright girl she could be—and perhaps to put him just a little in his place—she'd lost him.

Still, she'd been right, she insisted desperately to herself after dinner on Monday, sitting alone in the dining-room over dregs of coffee and her thoughts. Look at mother and dad.

They were in the next room now, and they were discussing something in there, a happy partnership, with mother guiding dad as mother always did—

"No!"

The monosyllable rang like a shot through the doorway between the two rooms. Susan started. That had been father's voice, not mother's. Dad was saying no to mother! She moved closer to the door.

"We'll rebuild no boathouses now, nor buy any new boats with prices what they are. That's my department, Vickie, and I say no."

She heard the bell ringing at the same time she heard her mother say abstractedly, "Isn't that the phone?"

Susan went to answer it with a sickish feeling in her stomach.

My department. Susan hadn't known before that dad had any departments. It was an eye-opener. But it didn't require this minor revelation, really, to make up her mind. It had made itself up days ago in spite of all proud efforts to deny it.

She'd been wrong about Bill, but whether she'd been wrong or right made no difference—she wanted him. And as soon as she'd got rid of whoever was phoning, she'd phone him up and tell him so.

She picked the phone up listlessly.

"Hello?" came a hesitant voice. "Bill!" exclaimed Susan, and the receiver began to shake with the unsteadiness of her hand. "Haven't seen you lately," she managed to say carefully.

"I've been away. Some man up north wanted us to build him a boat, so Dad sent me to see him."

Awful! Not angry with her after all—just away!

"About Saturday night," said Bill. "I'm sorry about that, darl—Susan. I'd have phoned before—a trunk-call—but I didn't know if you'd talk to me."

Bill apologising! Susan drew a deep, long breath. She'd never thought this would happen!

It was a lovely moment, but far too good to last.

"Can you stop being managing, Susan?" he asked.

"Can I?" Susan said. "You come over here and I'll show you—"

She stopped, appalled. Why, she was doing it again. Giving orders!

"Oh, Bill, I'm sorry."

"We'll pass that one," Bill's laugh shivered over the wires. "That's one sort of command I'll always love!"

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 4, 1949

New Governor of Victoria

Commander of Marines
and noted sportsman

From MARY ST. CLAIRE,
of our London staff

Lady Brooks, slim, dark, and attractive wife of Victoria's newly appointed Governor, General Sir Dallas Brooks, former Commandant-General of the Royal Marines, is longing to see her new home in Australia.

All her widely travelled life she has dreamed of the day she could settle down in a home of her own. Following the Fleet, as wife of an officer in the Marines, she had little chance to do so. Pay, pack, and follow has been her lot.

NOW as chatelaine of Government House, Melbourne, she will be able to satisfy her home-making instincts.

With a flair for entertaining, Lady Brooks is sure to make a real success of her new position as wife of the Governor of Victoria.

"Domesticity and entertaining have no terrors for me, even on the grandest scale," Lady Brooks said in a London interview.

Like most English women to-day, she does the greater part of her own household work, getting a woman in to do the cleaning.

"I always do my own cooking," she said, "and, in spite of rationing, manage to do quite a lot of entertaining. It is expected of Naval wives."

Victorians will find Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks and their 19-year-old daughter Jean a delightful family, with wide and varied interests and an insatiable curiosity about Australia.

I was not surprised to find Sir Dallas out when I called at the Brooks' home. As a popular sportsman, he has many demands on his time. Nor was I surprised to find Lady Brooks, looking fresh and elegant in a black frock and two strands of pearls, doing the work of a busy housewife.

Her reputation for being unflustered and efficient in her home has quickly spread in Australian circles in London.

The General's dinner

IN their minute apartment, eight floors above the busy West End thoroughfare of Knightbridge, Victoria's new first lady and her daughter were preparing "the General's" dinner.

Several times during the interview Lady Brooks left so that she could attend to the dinner.

"We've waited two weeks to get this leg of lamb, and I should hate to spoil it," she said, apologising for the interruptions.

It was during one of Lady Brooks' kitchen expeditions that her attractive daughter, who has inherited her mother's charm and personality, said that she was "wildly excited" about going to Australia.

Victoria's younger set will have a new leader in sport and fashion.

Jean's favorite color is green—her mother likes blue. An outdoor girl dark-haired, grey-eyed Jean is five feet six inches tall. She likes riding, swimming, plays a good game of tennis, skates, and is delighted to hear Australians love dancing as much as she does.

In Switzerland, where she took a secretarial course at a finishing school, she learned to ski and is looking forward to a trip to the Victorian Alps.

"I'm going to need her help as a private secretary," commented her mother.

Lady Brooks is finding it hard to get her packing done while continuing to be a busy London hostess. She will take all the furniture from their flat.

TEENA

THE comic strip Teena has been discontinued in response to requests from many of our readers.



GENERAL SIR DALLAS BROOKS, newly appointed Governor of Victoria. As Commandant-General of the Royal Marines, he was noted for his fairness to those under his command.

IN THEIR London flat Lady Brooks and her daughter Jean talk about their new life in Australia, where Jean will act as her mother's private secretary.



GARDENING is one of the joys Lady Brooks is looking forward to in Melbourne. Here she is arranging flowers in the Brooks' Kensington flat.

We hope to be in Melbourne in September," Lady Brooks said.

This will not be the first time she has been around to places in the Empire. Daughter of a Scots engineer, she was born in Bombay. And she still loves hot weather.

From 1934 to 1935 she was in South Africa with Sir Dallas, who was then on the staff of Admiral Evans, now Lord Mount Evans. It was from

Mount Evans that the Brooks' gained their first intimate knowledge of the country, as he had just come from Australia and was full of praise.

Tall, broad shouldered, and handsome, Sir Dallas is the son of a country parson.

In their new Governor, Victorians will find a popular, all-round sportsman, a good "mixer," and very much the right man for the job.

In the First World War he won the D.S.O. at Zeebrugge, and later, fighting alongside the Australians, was wounded at Gallipoli—a casualty which put an end to what would have been a brilliant "Rugger" career.

Sir Dallas relinquished command of the Royal Marines on May 20.

Apart from his exceptional qualities as a "mixer," General Brooks will appeal to Australians not only because of his war record, but also because of prowess in sport.

He played centre-forward at hockey for England and cricket for Hampshire. In 1921 he made second top score for the United Services against Warwick Armstrong's victorious Australian side, and in the second innings stamped Collins for five.

To-day, at 53, he is about the best golfer the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines can produce. He has won all his matches against generals and air-marshals, and only last month carried off the East India and Sports Club Cup for the best scratch score. He is a plus-two player.

He is a personal friend of the Duke of Edinburgh.

When Sir Dallas was knighted last year, the Duke broke his usual lunch-time date with Princess Elizabeth to be at a small party celebrating the occasion.



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An open letter from Mae West

A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

June Issue

brings you this intriguing letter
by Mae West — the “Come up and
see me sometime” gal.

The woman who never met a man she didn't like has a few words
to say about “Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male.”



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Split-second action-picture story of mad-cap film star Betty Hutton in a dynamic dance.



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Nauru—Aussie-controlled tropic Paradise. ★ No taxes. ★ Beer is 1/1 a bottle. ★ Cigarettes—50 for 2/6.
★ Married worker with one child earns £74 per month. READ FULL STORY ON PAGE 13 OF JUNE A.M.

“A.M.”—The Australian Monthly—June Issue

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HAZEL



"Nose drops."

BUTCH



"Nobody's gonna laugh, Butch. People will understand how hard it is to procure firearms now."

It seems to me . . .

NOTHING could interest me less than the news of production of a powder called charcrust, which gives an artificial woodsmoke flavor to grilled steak.

When this week's work is finished I'm off for a month, far, far away, to a place where you can have woodsmoke on your steak every day, simply by gathering driftwood and bankola cones.

Plenty of them, too. Not like the near-city beaches, where you scrounge a few sticks, and bear them off in a dog-and-a-bone manner, to hide till lunch time.

Masses of driftwood, thrown up by the king tides into the rocks and dried brittle. Bushwood and sawn timber, fragments from ships and cargo cases, all bleached white, and ready to blaze into the best fire that ever boiled a billy.

As for the dried cones of the flowers from the bankola trees, show me anything that makes better coals for grilling, toasting, or burying a damper.

Not that I'm planning on any dampers. When there's bread to be bought, they waste good fishing time. Excuse me if I seem over-lyrical. As you may gather I'm going on holiday. During that time this column will disappear, to be resumed in the issue of July 9.

A PROSPECTIVE holidaymaker can't help being interested in the report of the invention of a suitcase with wheels.

Having long tried to emulate the seasoned traveller who carries only what she can manage herself, and found it impossible, I like the idea.

Although my journeys are usually on well-worn routes, equipped with porters, my morbid and highly colored imagination always pictures some breakdown of train, ship, or plane.

In this situation I am left to scramble through the trackless desert or wild headlands (shipwreck) lugging a 36-inch suitcase full of my best clothes, an overnight bag, and a handbag.

Commonsense tells me that in these circumstances I may as well care about my luggage.

Optimistic female friends, especially blondes, feel certain that a handsome cavalier would emerge from the tatters to carry their bags.

But, being a pessimist, I favor those wheels.

A WIRE recording machine which shouts warnings when set off by a footstep, the light beam, or the touching of a trigger has been demonstrated in New York.

It shouts things like "Get back on the footpath," or (in an explosives store) "Put out that cigarette."

Perhaps at last we shall see the solution of an old, old problem—an umbrella that shouts, "Hey, you!"

LAST week I mentioned (unfavorably) the custom of matching bathroom soap with towels, but now I see that someone has gone one better. A professor aims to get hens to lay eggs to match the breakfast china.

Pity the poor grocer if success comes to the professor, who already has hens from Araucania, Chile, which lay turquoise-blue eggs.

My grocer says that the unreasonable passion of some people for brown eggs is bad enough.

He adds that it just shows how hard life is. Just as a grocer's job is becoming more bearable, with plenty of soap powders and matches, he hears about colored eggs.

Why not write to Mr. Calwell, he asks, and get him to keep colored eggs overseas, where they belong.

WHEN the conversation turned on Billy Hughes the other day an elderly woman remarked, "Oh, I remember him in the old days, making speeches on his candle-box in Balmain."

"Candle-box," instead of the familiar soap box, struck a quaint, old-world note. You never know, the term might come back into current use by the time the black-out season is over in New South Wales this year.

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 4, 1949

By



Dorothy Drain

THERE are few people who are not, at one time or other in their lives, concerned with some question of etiquette.

Even in the most raffish circles, members who may know the mode of address to everyone from archbishops to archdukes sometimes are troubled by a problem of precedence.

As for the rank and file of us, those who may never have had a moment's twinge about the right fork to use often go to pieces when a wedding looms.

They are bothered by all sorts of details, some of which are settled by recourse to an etiquette manual. Sometimes fine old arguments arise, and one of the parties rings a newswoman.

If you just tell a bridegroom flaily that he can't wear a gay sporting tie (which his bride has been telling him for hours), you may well wreck the marriage altogether. If you're kindly disposed (and have the time) you break it to him gently.

Sometimes there are questions which etiquette books simply bypass. However, the Americans, an efficient people, are beginning to cope with these.

The other day I read an article in an American magazine on wedding etiquette.

It stated that, leaving the church, the bridal party is followed by "the parents of the bride, unless they are divorced, in which case each goes out with an appropriate escort."

That doesn't answer everything, of course. Who are the appropriate escorts? Are they the newly acquired husband and wife of each party?

Evidently there are still things that people must settle for themselves.

TWO shopkeepers in Bavaria reported to police that a middle-aged woman had hypnotised them into lowering their prices.

Surely it's selfish for a woman to keep a gift like that to herself? She ought to conduct classes and benefit both ways, by fees from learners and an all-round reduction in the cost of living.

I've never seen a woman actually hypnotise a shopkeeper, but I'm continually lost in admiration of the talent of some women in shopping.

In a busy lunch-hour one day I stood next to a woman at a provision counter. She was sitting, regally, in a chair, "giving the order," and it was one of the finest exhibitions of ignoring the change in the times that I've ever seen.

She deliberated for six minutes between two brands of mustard pickles, one costing 1/11, and the other 1/31. When she'd gone the young man who'd been serving her mopped his brow, turned to me, and said: "Cripes, a man ought to be thankful he's not married to her."

He waited, however, till she was well out of earshot, and had been defecating itself while waiting for her to make up her mind about the pickles.

The meek may inherit the earth eventually—but we're a long way from owning it yet.

LINDA DARNELL has discovered that her hay fever is caused by her 25,000-dollar fur coat. She's allergic to mink.

We who get hives
From crumets or chives—
Or break out in a rash
After sausage and mash,
And those who believe that their asthma
Is encouraged by cat's fur or cashmere,
We ought to be glad,
We shouldn't be sad
That no prospect of opulent wealth
Can further endanger our health.
Whereas Linda's hay fever,
Poor girl, it must grieve her,
Yet, me, I don't think
I would sneeze at a mink.

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Now you can be sure of a thrilling professional-looking wave the very first time you "perm" your hair at home. The Richard Hudnut Home Permanent is a new, improved kit—not just an ordinary home wave, but a real salon-type product!

With it, you use the same sort of preparations, the same improved cold-wave process proved gentlest and best in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue, New York, Salon! No fear of harsh,

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If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can easily use the Richard Hudnut Kit . . . producing a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave on any type of hair.

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HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
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In each kit you get: 1 extra large bottle Creme Waving Lotion; 1 bottle Reconditioning Creme Rinse; Neutralising Solution; standard and extra long genuine Plastic Curling Rods; generous supply of longer, stronger End-Papers.

Refills contain everything except Rods and Creme Rinse.



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the Journal of
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will protect
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**COUGHS, COLDS,
'FLU, SORE THROATS,
CROUP, BRONCHITIS**

Don't run risks with winter coughs and colds—at the first sign of a chill, give your family LARYNOIDS. These amazing pastilles not only bring relief but also prevent the infection from taking hold.

As soon as a Larynoid begins to dissolve in your mouth, it releases in soothing vapour form instant-acting Anesthesin. Favoured and prescribed by doctors, this valuable specific quickly ends soreness and irritation in the throat. Other deep-healing medicaments penetrate down into the bronchial tubes and lungs, relieve "rawness," loosen hard mucus and prevent coughing.



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preventative medicine in
handy pastille form—containing
instant-acting **ANESTHESIN**

among the stimulating expectorants and healing antiseptics contained in the famous Larynoids formula are the following valuable specifics:
ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.
BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.
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PEPPERMINT: Powerful inhalant; relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.
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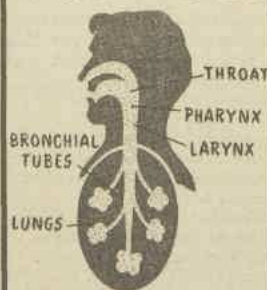
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by Doctors and
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WORTH Reporting

THE birth of triplets to native parents has caused some excitement on the little island of Samarai, Papua, recently.

Mrs. Vera Földi, wife of the district officer in Samarai, who has kept us informed on their progress, tells us that unfortunately the smallest, a girl, died when a month old.

At the time of writing another girl, called Nami, was doing well, and Tom, the boy, was still living, though not as healthy as Nami.

The triplets were born at a little village near Sumagahi, a few miles up the China Straits from Samarai. They weighed 3lb. 10oz., 2lb. 14oz., and 2lb. 3oz., respectively.

They were taken to the home of a European resident nearby, who lent his launch to take them to the native hospital in Samarai. As Mrs. Földi is a trained nurse, she offered her services and the use of her home in an endeavor to save the children.

None of the children would have had a chance of surviving but for the milk donated by a European mother at the Samarai European hospital. With this and the little from their own mother, they were fed with eye-droppers.

Mrs. Földi tells us that the birth of triplets is very rare in Papua, and is not liked by the native people.

"As a rule," she says, "the father is inclined to believe that only one of the children is his. Possibly the real reason is the difficulty in raising the children, since the woman cannot spare the time away from her garden and other duties."

"The father of these claimed the boy Tom, but at first would not have anything to do with the two girls. Now that he has seen so much care lavished on them he is becoming more interested, and will soon be quite proud of his surviving girl as well as the boy."

Contralto sings for Royalty

BRITISH contralto Gladys Ripley, who has been visiting Australia, believes that it's unlucky to accept or spend a performance fee in advance.

By following this rule Gladys had her fee doubled once—when she sang at a London City Guild dinner in the 'thirties.

It was early in her career, and she was booked to sing with the chorus. Among the guests was the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, who singled her out for a solo.

She sang "Love's Old Sweet Song," received a double fee from the Guild, and for years had engagements from practically every other London Guild.

She has since sung for every member of the Royal Family except Prince Charles, who is still rather young to take an interest in music.

Miss Ripley says that Princess Mary is the most musical member. She rarely misses an important concert. (Her son, the Earl of Harewood, recently became opera critic for the Socialist weekly "New Statesman and Nation.")



"Oh, you are, are you?"



Musical comedy author produces own show

A MUSICAL comedy, "Blue Heaven," which originated while its author was lost for several hours in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W. six years ago, will be produced at the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney this month.

Described by its author, Irene Tucker, as "terribly romantic and about incidents that really happened," the new musical comedy has a cast of 32 and 19 musical numbers.

Story revolves round a man and a woman who meet when the latter is lost in the mountains and sends out a cooee for help. Miss Tucker told us. The man answers her call, and they thereupon confess their "secret heart" to each other.

In addition to writing the story, libretto, music, and overtures for "Blue Heaven," Irene Tucker will play the leading role of Anne.

She has been in charge of production, but plans to hand this particular chore over to a stage manager before the opening night.

A FORMER German military camp in Slettebo, south-western Norway, is now used by the Norwegian Red Cross for a training school to teach useful trades to mentally backward boys and girls. Children aged from seven to 12 are selected on a quota basis from each county in co-operation with official health authorities.

Store staff called her perfect customer

FIVE hundred pensioners of Harrod's Stores, most of them old counter-hands, gathered in London last month at a lunch party to honor the "perfect customer."

She is Catherine, Lady Burbridge, 77-year-old widow of Sir Woodman Burbridge, the man who built the modern Harrod's.

Fifty years ago many of the customers of this fashionable West End store were arrogant and autocratic. When they swept in from their carriages luckless assistants quailed before them.

But throughout the 52 years that Lady Burbridge has shopped at Harrod's she has been unfailingly kind and charming.

"She knew us all by name, and was was a pleasure to serve," said Mr. Herbert Sculley, 90-year-old pensioner, who was at one time on the fabric counter. "As she grew older she liked us all to call her 'Mother.' No one would have guessed that she was the wife of the chairman."

Harrod's recently celebrated its hundredth birthday. This famous store, which now has a staff of nearly 5000, began as a small grocery shop in Knightsbridge, staffed by its owner, Henry Charles Harrod, an assistant, and an office boy.

Countess' theory of beauty

A WOMAN'S beauty, like the plants, goes placidly to sleep in the autumn and bursts into life in the spring, according to tall, blonde Countess Le Quales de Mezauran, who has been visiting Australia.

To ensure their success as the sleeping beauties of winter and the vibrant lovelies of summer, some Parisian women trot along in autumn and spring to the Countess' Health Institute in the French capital for 10 days of intensive beauty treatment.

"If women are to be beautiful then their blood must be as clean as their skin," the Countess told us, with a gay but decisive wave of her hand.

"If a woman comes to my institute she gets a complete clean-up."

"I make her sweat in an electric bath, after which she is wrapped first in a sheet soaked in special minerals, then in a rubber sheet, and put into a comfortable bed while a girl massages her face for half an hour."

In addition to undergoing this treatment every day, the aspiring seasonal beauties eat lightly, and are not allowed meat for the 10 days.

The Countess, who declares that her duty in life is to "spread beauty," told us that every woman should aim to be "young when old, not only young when young."

Pastel-colored blazers, each bearing the crest of a large horse and horse's head on the left lapel, and skirts predominate in the travelling wardrobe of the Countess, who is flying round the world.

A keen horsewoman, she always rides side-saddle.

"Riding astride became fashionable only because men objected to the fact that some women side-saddle riders rode so badly that they scraped the skin from horses' backs," she said.

The Countess, who was mayor of the little Brittany town of Richardais during the war, makes and sells perfumes named after some of the horses she has raced successfully in France.

"I love my business," she said. "It is not my work, it is my life."

The Countess also sells champagne.

THE outline of a young Parisian film star, Colette Richard, will soon be as well known in Paris as that of the Venus de Milo. Her perfect bustline (39 centimetres, which is about 35 inches) has been chosen as a model for a new line of "gay deceivers."

One hundred thousand have been made and are in the shops. The manufacturer, a leading producer of women's underwear in France, has invented a new name for them.

Instead of the customary name, he calls them "supplements de sex-appeal."

Tiny branch wins C.W.A. cup

TRIDA, a railway siding on the Broken Hill line, 400 miles from Sydney, with two railway cottages, a post office store, and no shops, this year won the challenge cup for the N.S.W. Country Women's Association branch with the greatest increase in membership.

Mrs. W. E. O'Brien, secretary-treasurer of the branch, and its only delegate to the C.W.A.'s 27th annual conference, told us that there were eight financial members when the present office-bearers took over a year ago.

To-day there are 61. Mrs. O'Brien said she thought membership had increased because of a ball held last year in Ivanhoe by the Trida C.W.A. Trida has no hall of its own.

"It was the first ball held by Trida in the nine years of its existence," Mrs. O'Brien said. "When people saw that we were such a lively organisation they wanted to join."

The branch president is Mrs. J. O'Neill, the postmistress, and the cup will be displayed in one of her glass cases among the store goods.

The Trida branch belongs to the Condobolin group of the C.W.A.

Capture the Beauty Nature intended...

make it your own...



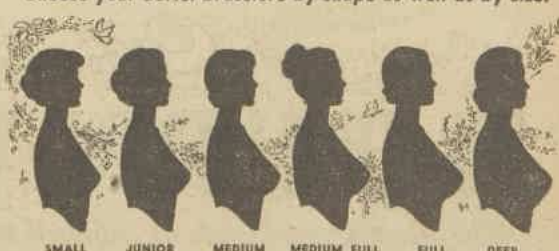
Be personally fitted to a Brassiere by

Berlei

Every Brassiere fashioned by Berlei is designed to fit perfectly one of the six different bust shapes characteristic of Australian women. So you see, no matter what your measurements are, there is a wonderful range of brassieres by Berlei in different styles to fit your very own contour... to give you a perfect fit, comfortable support and a lovely natural line. "Hollywood-Maxwell," "Gothic," "Contro-Bra," "Off-the-Shoulder" and many other up-to-the-minute brassieres are made by Berlei and stocked by all the better stores. Pre-tested materials make sure that your brassiere keeps its shape through countless tubbings.

Always insist on a brassiere made by Berlei... have it personally fitted by the trained Corsetiere in your favourite corset department.

Choose your Berlei Brassiere by shape as well as by size.



SMALL JUNIOR MEDIUM MEDIUM FULL FULL DEEP

Right on top of the job!



that's
what a
BOURN-VITA
SLEEP
does for you!



Work affects people different ways. Some come through the busiest days "fresh as a daisy" — others wilt under the strain and become nervy and exhausted. The secret of unfailing energy, blooming health and steady nerves is sound sleep and overnight repair. The kind of sleep that follows a goodnight cup of Bourn-vita! Drink Bourn-vita before bed — it works while you sleep!

The reason is that Bourn-vita, which is scientifically prepared from malt extract, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate, provides the Vitamins A, B and D, the calcium, the phosphorus, the iron and other elements so necessary to health. In Bourn-vita, these factors are in their most digestible form and are easily assimilated to restore nervous energy and to strengthen muscle, bone and tissue for the tasks of the morrow. Remember, to-night's Bourn-vita is to-morrow's energy — invest in a tin to-day!

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

The Ideal Food Drink as supplied to leading hospitals

VIC

Enough Rope

Continued from page 5

LOUISE was laughing. "Naughty!" she said. Then as if everything were settled between them she continued: "Would you like to take me to the Advertising Arts Ball?"

"No!"

"Oh well! I suppose you'll have to meet Adrienne somewhere else."

"Louise!" Jim's cry was wrung from his heart but it failed to touch Louise's. The screen remained silent.

When Louise finally emerged Jim was at her side in a flash.

"Louise, dear, of course I'll take you. I'd love to. Surely you can tell when I'm joking." Again he forced a laugh.

Head held high Louise stalked to the door. "I'll have to think it over," she said cuttingly. "I'll probably let you know."

The door slammed behind her and Jim waited until he heard her step on the stairs before he again shook his fist, this time at the closed door.

Louise descended the stairs slowly. The situation, as it presented itself to her, would need some solid brain racking to bring to its logical conclusion.

If she were to establish her inalienable right to Jim, she knew she would have to use all her intuition and diplomacy.

There remained two courses open to her; she could either help or hinder Jim in his desire to meet the glamorous Adrienne.

Knowing Jim as well as she did, Louise decided on the former course. Obstacles meant nothing to Jim. On the other hand, if everything were handled carefully, Louise mused, she could make sure Jim got enough rope to hang himself.

Louise stepped into the street briskly. She had made up her mind to adopt the "helping" course, confident that the unwitting Jim would make good use of the rope she allowed him.

Jim's resistance to Louise's edict that he should wear fancy dress to the ball was a feeble affair at the best. Louise held the whip hand. Jim's argument broke to pieces on the rocks of her decision.

He tried to revoke immediately he saw the garb she had chosen for him, but, before threats of "no-fancy-dress-no-Adrienne," he was powerless.

He tried to compromise with suggestions of something in the romantic line, suggesting that he would feel more at home as a sheik or a cavalier, but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

Louise wanted him to be a gipsy fortune-teller, and a gipsy fortune-teller he would be.

Jim's ill-humor remained with him until the night of the ball. It vanished momentarily when he called for Louise and saw her in her Elizabethan lady-in-waiting costume.

Her golden hair was swept up in an elaborate coiffure that made him realise just what Louise wanted him to realise: that she was a very attractive person.

His brighter spirits vanished with Louise's next bombshell. It happened when they were safely on their way in Jim's car.

"Did I tell you that you were really going to tell fortunes at the ball?" Louise asked suddenly.

The car skidded to a stop and before the spluttering Jim had time to start making sense Louise continued: "A small tent has been set up for you in one corner of the ball-room. I'm sure you'll be good."

As words began to form on Jim's contorted lips, Louise hurried on. "It'll be a wonderful opportunity for you to see Adrienne alone," she said. "Perhaps you'll even be able to hold her hand."

Louise had to force herself to say that, but she had to keep talking to stall off the storm as long as possible.

The congested appearance slowly died out of the face next to her.

"It seems a lot of trouble to go to just to meet a girl," he snarled.

"You'll be able to speak to her alone remember," said Louise, speaking as if the words were choking her.

The car started off again, slowly. "Of course! Your scheme has its advantages," mused Jim.

He twirled the big black moustache that he had gummed on his upper lip.

In the half-light of the tent, with his black moustache and eyebrows and a bright bandana swathing around his head, Jim made an imposing seer.

He had caught a glimpse of Adrienne when she arrived on the arm of her escort, an immaculate Charles I cavalier.

Jim recognised him as an old acquaintance, one Reggie Moncrieff, who had stepped from school into his father's lucrative advertising agency.

Louise dispelled his gloom again when she suggested that perhaps Reggie Moncrieff would have his fortune told. Jim rubbed his hands in anticipatory pleasure at the thought of having Reggie for a client.

He entered into his fortune-telling with a gusto and lack of scruple that made him eminently successful. The fact that he knew many of his customers and was completely disguised helped him immensely.

Word of the gipsy's powers soon got about, and Reggie came to the tent prepared to believe everything he was told.

Jim's recollection of names, dates and places caused Reggie's chin to subside gently on to his chest, and it seemed only good luck that kept his eyes anchored in his head.

Having fished his mental claws satisfactorily on the past, Jim turned his attention on Reggie's future.

He warned him severely of the dangers attached to Reggie's companionship with a tall, dark, and beautiful lady, describing Adrienne Knott perfectly. Then he turned to more serious things.

Reggie tottered, wan and drawn, from the tent, and rejoined his party. His night had been utterly ruined. He avoided Adrienne like a plague and seemed content to stare, glassy-eyed, at his life-line, shuddering from time to time.

His success with Reggie delighted Jim. He was confident and at ease when Louise came in to tell him that Adrienne was coming, and he decided that, with Adrienne, he would excel himself.

"Quickly! Tell me something about her past," Jim whispered to Louise.

Louise's expression became pensive. She bent her head as if thinking deeply before she spoke.

"Well," she said, "there was some talk about her being seen about with

"I mean her schooldays," Jim broke in coldly.

"I don't know if it's true, but there was a report circulated, even when she was at school, that she had

Jim again interrupted her.

"I don't want to know what the little cats at school had to mew about. I want to know what she did at school," he said laughingly.

Louise pointed. "She was captain of the hockey team, and she was one of the leading lights in the dramatic club, but even then it was rumored that she

With a lordly gesture the seer waved her to silence. "Enough!" he cried. "I have sufficient."

He waved Louise from his presence. Unimpressed, Louise paused only to give him the full benefit of her extended tongue before she frou-froued from the tent.

Then came Adrienne. Jim felt she should have been ushered in with a fanfare. Her presence left the mighty seer searching for words.

However, Adrienne dispelled his feeling of awe with her first words.

"Well!" she drawled. "So you're the great fortune-teller? That little Louise Grey tells me you're awfully clever."

Jim bristled a little at the patronising tone Adrienne used to speak of Louise, but immediately he took Adrienne's extended hand he suffered a relapse.

Probably success had gone to Jim's head but, foolishly, he sought to lend weight to his words by adopting what he imagined was a convincingly gipsy accent.

Please turn to page 27

TALKING SHOP



"Will someone stop this fool thing so's I can get on it?"



"I'm not your mother, I tell you."



"Did you hear someone groan?"



"Well, you wanted to know where all the money was going."



"If that's the sale price I'll take it, but I wouldn't want to pay that much if it's the regular price."



"She got in, didn't she?"

Enough Rope

Continued from page 26

IN a droning sing-song Jim gave voice to his supernatural powers.

"Aah! . . . Eet see-a all verree plain," he droned, studying Adrienne's palm rapidly. "I see in Ma'melle's beautiful and she see-a sportin' type. As a little girl she-a play 'ockey. Maig out! But she-a captain off see 'ockey."

Jim paused to judge the effect of his remarks.

"Gracious!" cried the unruffled Adrienne. "The accent is terrible."

Jim flushed to the roots of his false eyebrows. He had felt himself getting a little out of hand with that accent, and now he could have kicked himself for starting it. He knew it was rather ragged, but he couldn't drop it now.

"And a-da star!" he exclaimed, bending over Adrienne's hand again. "I see Signora was a star in L'Ecole Dramatique."

He felt rather pleased with that. It seemed to him to introduce a touch of authenticity.

"What about the future?" said Adrienne coolly.

"There is a tall, dark, and handsome man, who loves you," Jim told Adrienne impressively.

"Oh! That would be Reggie, of course."

"Is certainly is not Reggie."

"Well, is this young man rich?"

Jim paused. He was not too blind to see that Adrienne placed great store in worldly possessions, but with a firm resolve he decided that she must know the truth.

"Well, no; he hasn't much money,

but you'll have lots of fun with him."

"Aren't you holding my hand rather tightly, Mr. Fortune-Teller?"

"Sorry!"

"And your accent?"

"Curse the accent."

Adrienne laughed, a tinkly laugh that heaved a sigh from Jim. She looked at him closely.

"Do tell me more," she said.

"Well, this young man paints rather well."

"But no money?"

"Very little."

"Oh bother these impecunious lovers!" said Adrienne. "See if you can find me a lover with tons of money."

"I can't see one," said Jim stubbornly.

"What's his name?" asked Adrienne.

"Jim Northcroft! . . . He loves you madly."

"Yes," said Adrienne, more to herself than to Jim. "I suppose it would be hard to keep up an accent with a good British name like Northcroft."

Jim wriggled uncomfortably as Adrienne rose to her feet. She held out her hand as she did so and spoke again.

"I think you'll find my future more clearly written on my left hand," she said.

Before the harassed Jim's eyes

there flashed a saucer-sized solitaire.

"I should have loved to hear how you got around to a rose-covered cottage and the patter of tiny feet in your quaint accent, but you seem to have lost it," said Adrienne.

She was gone before Jim could get out another word.

On the drive home Jim seemed strangely reluctant to discuss his meeting with Adrienne. In fact he made it plain to Louise that he did not want to talk about the past at all. He said he was much more interested in the future.

He turned to Louise as they spun along, and, with strange emphasis, asked her to let her hair down.

"You look too sophisticated with it up, and I hate sophisticated women," he said.

Louise obeyed with alacrity. Her hair around her shoulders was a screen for the little smile playing on her lips. The car swung off the road.

"I suppose that's why I love you," said Jim when he had stopped the car. "You haven't got that mocking brittleness so many women adopt nowadays."

The smile really needed a screen now, so Louise turned her face into Jim's shoulder.

"We'll have a little cottage in the country with roses and all that."

He paused for a moment then added, rather irrelevantly, Louise thought, "And the accent will be on our happiness."

(Copyright)

A curving line . . .
a new design!



Robin Mond follows a bold, curving line to one of the season's most successful new shoe designs. Featured in gabardine, in American fractional fittings. From leading stores.

"Linton" by



*For your nearest store, write Australian Footwear Distributors, 41 York St., Sydney.

THE CHIEF DEFECT of Thomas Smelt

was nagging pain below his belt



Oh! What a sad predicament! The dull, dead pain—the hopeless look—As Tom his homeward train car took . . .

WHAT did Tom take? HE TOOK ADVICE!

He saw his doctor (who was nice) And learned that tummy ache can be just nothing but acidity.

(It does it's serious. IF IT IS, Your doctor knows, the job is his. But if it's not—why, trade-in! Then Rennie's balanced formula (Asacid tablets, wrapped up neat— You suck one slowly, like a sweet) Will end all fear of stomach pain And make your life a joy again!

TOM hardly knew a good night's rest—

Because his food would not digest.

Unhappy Tom! As for his wife—

She led a miserable life.

Thus, it she begged and argued with

him.

To find a tempting bite to eat,

He'd put the vittles down the hatch

And go off to his football match.

He'd feel all right, and pleased to hop

it—

But soon, by jingo, he'd cry it,

And ere the half-time whistle went—



End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennie's five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralises excess acid—restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet or four times the quantity for 3/6.

DIGESTIF

RENNIES

relieve the pain of indigestion



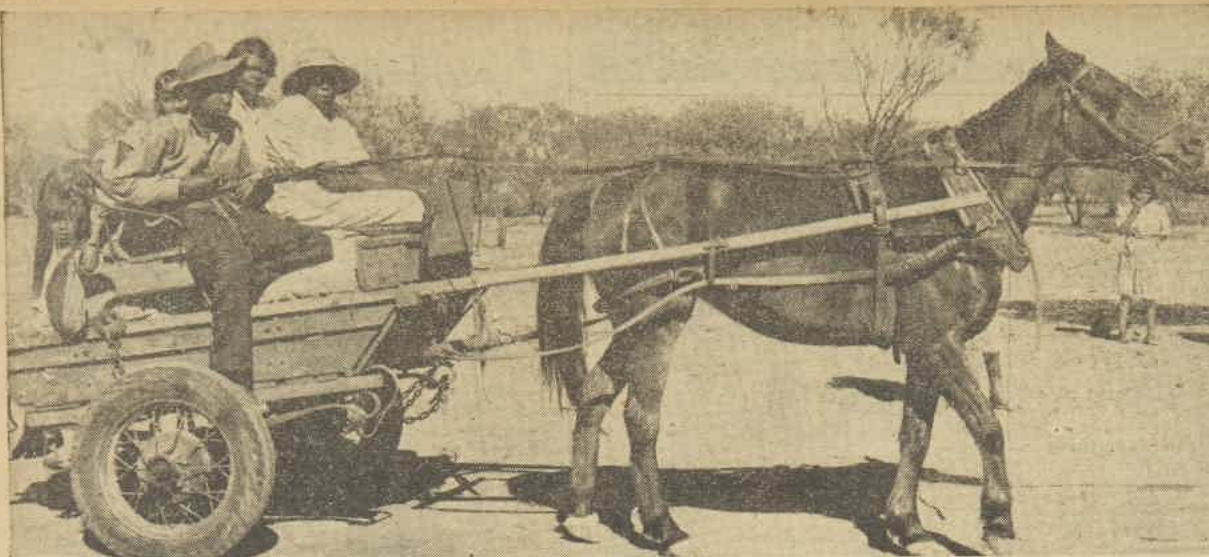
DR. S. H.



BLACK • TAN
DARK TAN
MID-TAN • BROWN
MAHOGANY
OX BLOOD • BLUE
TRANSPARENT
DRESSING

thanks to

BLACK



ABORIGINE FAMILY arrives for the two-and-a-half day Murgoo Amateur Racing Club picnic meeting. Aborigines come from hundreds of miles away, have their own tote, which they call the "yamee" tote (authorities say "yamee" means "to go quickly"), and many take part in races as jockeys.



COVERED WAGGON—modern version. Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Gillan and sons arrive in their utility, complete with pram, cot, Moses basket, and toys. Three hundred cars and utilities parked near the woolshed for week-end.



RACEHORSES FOR A DAY. Bluey, Major, and Boondarra are ridden by Judy Sherlock, Reg Golding, and Wally, leading another three station horses from the homestead to the racecourse five miles away.



ABORIGINE RACEGOERS watch their juncies thunder down the straight. David Keogh and Tony Mitchell were in charge of the aboriginal tote.



ON THE RAILS. Dozens of cameras were busy at the meeting. E. D. Mitchell, from Mullewa, and Moore, from Geraldton, were in charge of the tote for white racegoers.



PRESENTATION OF CUP is made by Mr. Jock Sharpe, hon. secretary of the club, to Bob Letroy, owner of Moongawaddie, which won the Murgoo Handicap. Proceeds of meeting, never less than £600, are given to charities.



VOLUNTEERS do all catering work and jobs of racecourse officials. Mesdames P. Maxwell, R. Crawford, T. Boddington, and T. Officer (left to right) worked hard to prepare meals for hundreds of people.



MURGOO HOMESTEAD, which is 80 years old. Some idea of its size.

REAL BULL

By LESLIE BATEMAN

Nearly three hundred contestants round the Murchison to Murgoo Murgoo Amateur Racing Club picnic.

MURGOO, 400 miles north of Perth, is a sheep station of 513,208 acres. This is not unusual in itself, but the station's name is known and loved by every station owner, employee, and native on the Murchison.

Every year for the past 40 years this property has been the scene of a race-meeting probably unique in the world.

A number of things make the meeting unusual. The riders are all amateurs, and no one under the age of 16 is allowed to compete. Horses must all be grass or corn fed, and must have had no training until the last fortnight before the races.

All the people who attend the meeting are accommodated on the station for the week-end.



RACE BALL in the gaily decorated town Big Bell, 120 miles away. Sazophonist, an underground band.



ere and accommodation are provided for guests at the annual picnic races; vast distances in this lonely area can be gained from the fact that in 128 miles from Yalgoo to Murgoo there are only three homesteads—Carlamininda, Jingemarra, and Murgoo. The Race Club was formed in 1908.

THE RACE MEETING AT HISTORIC W.A. HOMESTEAD

MAN our Perth office

brood people from hundreds of miles
goo homestead for this year's
picnicking.

Thirty horses were ridden as far
as 18 miles to compete this year.
More than £700 was invested on
the race, which was conducted on
a blackboard with a piece of chalk
the highest dividend for a 5/-
bet was £12/12/-.

The idea of the meeting is
credited to five men—the late Mr.
Blair, Mr. S. Corbett Taylor,
George Monger, Mr. E. C.
Moor, owner of Murgoo station,
and Mr. R. W. Franklin.

In 1908 these men met at Mully
to discuss the formation of a
club.

Each man donated £5 for pre-
liminary expenses, and the club was
formed. The first two meetings
were held at Manfred station, 77
miles from Murgoo.

In those days all supplies of food,
freshments, timber for the dance
floor and even the piano, had to be
brought by camel team from Pin-
jarra, a distance of 200 miles.

The first meeting was an un-
qualified success.

No cash changed hands, as every-
thing was worked on a system of
G.O., and it shows the calibre of
the people that the loss occa-
sioned was only 1/9, which was due
to an undecipherable signature.

It is not difficult to understand
that at the end of the meeting
the signatures were uncertain.

A few cases of whisky were al-
ways set aside until the end so that
drunk hands could buy at least
one bottle of Scotch.

In 1919, when the recruiting
officer, Lieut. Potter, addressed the
meeting from an empty beer case,
employees over Army age seeking
relief became infuriated, and
threw stones at him.

Lieut. Potter settled the question
diplomatically by accepting a mar-
oon had already passed the auth-
orities in Perth, which satisfied the
others that the "old hands" of the
district were represented in the
meeting.



THEY'RE OFF in a cloud of dust. Start of the Murgoo Handicap, for which the horses came from 80 miles around. The race was won by Joe Criddle on Moongawiddie. Until 1935 the Murgoo meeting lasted two days. Now it starts on Friday afternoon, ends on Sunday.



Involved. Orchestra from gold-mining district of a drummer, a mine foreman, a musician, and pianist, a miner.



SLEEPING-QUARTERS in the shearing-shed. Amateur jockeys and race-goers of all ages—from babies to Mr. George Boddington, who missed only one meeting in 23 years—at this year's meeting totalled more than 500.



HOUSE FULL sign at the shearing-shed meant a bed under the stars for these late-comers. In the old days everybody pitched tents or slept under trees—no hardship for bushmen after a crowded day.

The Salesgirl's Success

BY DAL



DIFFICULT CUSTOMERS



NO SALES TODAY



ALWAYS IN STRIFE



TILL LIFEBOUY...



BROUGHT SUCCESS

Don't let "B.O." cast a shadow over your life! Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, gives lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."



W.234.W.W.62

HENRY replied uneasily: "Er, it's just—er—one of my little experiments." But slowly a gleam of cunning came into his eyes.

"You mean to say that you made this?" asked the mechanic disbelievingly. "Go on, get away with you. I won't have that."

"Very well, my man. Believe what you will," retorted Henry, suddenly seeing the light. Abruptly he terminated the discussion, telling the man to get the spare part as soon as possible.

When the man had gone, Henry sat down to digest the momentous implications. The mechanic had mistaken his baking failure for a block of sponge rubber. He had remarked how precious that substance was. Henry's thoughts quickened. If that man could mistake the stuff for sponge rubber, then why couldn't others?

Henry came to this conclusion with some slight misgiving. If he went ahead with his great idea, it would be dishonest.

That he had made what in trade circles would be called "Simulated Sponge Rubber," and would be hailed as a possible Nobel Prize winner did not occur to him. But he saw within reach the realization of his formerly most improbable ambition.

The sound of the front gate brought him back to the present, and he grabbed the block, and, rushing into the house, slipped it under the bed.

Tea that night was an unusual meal. Ursula was expecting Henry to be stricken with remorse, but instead he sat there quietly, hardly saying a word.

"Ursula," he said, breaking his preoccupation, "Well?"

"What's that in the big brown paper bag in the pantry?"

Now what did this mean? Had he been snooping?

"Chicken feed, if it's the same bag that I'm thinking of."

"Chicken feed!"

"Yes. Don't you remember that artificial stuff we got during the war? The real thing had become unobtainable and they sold us that instead."

"Chicken feed!" exclaimed Henry, and chuckled to himself.

"Henry Harris! What are you thinking about?" demanded Ursula. Henry looked up guiltily, remembering how his discovery had come about. "Er, nothing, Ursula. Just something that happened at work."

Henry Harris—Inventor

Continued from page 7

bering how his discovery had come about. "Er, nothing, Ursula. Just something that happened at work."

"Would I find it amusing, too?"

"I don't think so, Ursula," replied Henry quickly.

In bed that night, Henry formulated his plans. That chicken feed could probably be bought for some ridiculous figure, considering how unsuccessful it had been. It had an effect on the chickens akin to drunkenness.

Roughly he calculated the approximate cost of the synthetic block, then compared it with what the mechanic said sponge rubber was worth.

Next day Henry read the "Businesses for Sale" advertisements. His eye skipped past all the miscellaneous ones for shops, motor garages, paper runs, and the like, and lighted on what he sought, "Bakery For Sale."

As he read it through, his expression became like that of a cat lapping a saucer of milk. He read it through many times before he finally put down the paper.

The price was pretty high, though, he thought, frowning. He had enough money in the bank, but only just. What if the venture proved a flop?

Then he remembered Ursula. She had been a good wife from the beginning. Surely she deserved something in return. He made up his mind to take the risk.

Henry found it hard to keep the secret to himself during the next few days while the sale was being completed. Ursula found him changed, and had no idea of the cause.

He, of course, said nothing to her, for the thought of that disastrous attempt at making Honey Angel cake seemed to belittle the exciting project where Ursula was concerned.

Then came the day when he walked home with the deed in his pocket. He was humming to himself, a thing in itself which excited Ursula's suspicions. She tackled him.

"Henry, you're hiding something from me. What is it?"

"I don't know what you mean, Ursula. What makes you think I'm hiding anything?"

"Ever since that day I went to

Mary's you've been as smug as a bookie, like a cat with nine tails."

"How do you know what a bookie looks like?" replied Henry.

"Don't change the subject, Henry."

"I wasn't changing the subject. I only asked how..."

"Never mind that. I want to know what you've been up to."

Henry's newly found confidence was no match for Ursula's experience down the years. He had to make some explanation.

"Yes, I have been hiding something," he said, "but please wait till it's ready. I want it to be a surprise for you."

She had to be satisfied with that. Pleasant surprises were very rare to her, and she appreciated the danger of spoiling it.

Henry did not go to work the next day. He took the car out, shaking his head at Ursula's question. The grocer was almost beside himself when Henry intimated his desire of purchasing several bags of the synthetic chicken feed. Henry glanced at the recipe he had carefully copied.

"And I want ten pounds of cooking margarine, ten pounds of sugar, half a pound of salt. Will you have those put in the car with the rest of the items? Don't forget the honey."

The grocer gazed at the groceries in the back of the car. Eggs, sugar, honey, baking soda, salt and other things made a sprawling heap on the ancient upholstery.

"Going away for a few days?" he asked.

"Er, yes," lied Henry. He checked off the things against his list. He had bought enough ingredients to make twenty blocks like the other. If all went well, he could buy more when they were needed.

On the way to the bakery, Henry stopped at a phone box, rang his office, and excused himself from work.

At the bakery, he unloaded the car, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and stoked the fire.

Then, with as much care as he had exercised the first time, he measured out the ingredients, mixed them, and put them in the oven. The first baking was a small trial batch. The anxious thirty minutes dragged by.

Please turn to page 31



"It's Sensational"

RINSO with NEW MAGIC in its THICKER, RICHER

SUDS

WASHES COLOURED BRIGHTER THAN BRAND-NEW

WASHES WHITES WHITER THAN BRAND-NEW

It's a great sight to behold! New Rinso washes white things whiter than brand new... washes coloureds brighter than brand new. Why? Because there's a new magic in Rinso's thicker, richer suds. You'll see even old clothes you've had for years get back new whiteness and brightness after being washed in New Rinso. And each time you wash them THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! Ask for New Rinso to-day! New Rinso makes other washday products seem 'way behind the times!

BUY IT NOW! SEE THAT WASH BY WASH IMPROVEMENT

2.281.W.W.16

WITH a last look at his watch, Henry lifted the big bar that locked the oven. He cried for joy. There, half filling the vast space, was a mass of ersatz rubber.

Henry bought a book on synthetic, and realised that his work was not dishonest. The book did nothing for him but teach him a lot of big technical terms.

He named his product "Syntho-Rubber Organate," which had little or no significance, but sounded impressive. Henry did not even know why the stuff turned out like rubber in the first place. The name of the key ingredient itself, artificial chicken feed, he did not know.

During the next few days he drove to the bakehouse and toiled in front of the oven.

Since making the first successful lot, he had experimented with varying quantities of the ingredients, and found that by increasing or decreasing the amounts of the chicken feed he could make the blocks more or less spongy. He decided on the most satisfactory proportion, and swung into full production.

The next thing to be arranged was the disposal of the Organate. The mechanic who had repaired his car seemed a likely outlet. Henry called on him.

"I recall that you wanted some sponge rubber. Well, I have original and a synthetic substitute. Are you interested?"

"I'm interested in anything that makes me some money," replied the man.

"Do you remember that day when you mended my carburettor?"

"Why, you're the man who had a block of rubber in your car, and said it wasn't rubber."

"That's right. Well, if you can still sell this stuff, I can supply you. You can sell on a commission basis. Ten per cent."

So the deal was made.

Being a man of simple tastes and shunning any activity that might bring him into the public eye, Henry worked under a veil of secrecy. His process he kept to himself, and the mechanic knew nothing more than Henry had told him.

The market was immense, and the future held untold possibilities for the product. Henry did not know this, and it is doubtful that the knowledge would have had any effect on him.

He just did all he could to satisfy the local demand. He had made a condition with the mechanic that he was to be told his name, which was fortunate, as shall be seen.

He resigned from the office ostensibly for health reasons, and nobody there had any cause to doubt his word.

Even Ursula did not know what

Henry Harris—Inventor

Continued from page 30

he did during the day. She smelt honey on his clothes when he came home at night, but when she asked questions Henry would only shake his head and wag his finger, saying that if she found out too soon it would spoil the surprise.

The profits were very satisfactory. The output was small indeed, but Henry made sure it was steady. The low cost of ingredients, of fuel, and the non-existent cost of labor, for it was a one-man enterprise, were almost invisible against the high selling price of the product.

Allowing the man ten per cent. commission, the nett proceeds were almost eighty per cent. of the gross proceeds.

Henry's sole idea in starting this business was to provide the means to attain his ambition. He did not crave a fortune. His one desire in life now was to own a poultry farm and raise chickens. That represented the culmination of his ideals.

His success was such that after a couple of weeks he started scanning the property advertisements. He found the ideal place. It could carry three thousand chickens, and the home was one of the most modern in the Gum Tree Creek district.

He had enough money now to buy it, and did.

That night, when he walked into the kitchen, Ursula looked up at him and saw the look on his face. Her excitement almost matched his, then, for she had grown more and more curious during the past weeks, and at last sensed her waiting was ended.

"You're going to give me that surprise now, Henry, aren't you?" she whispered eagerly, unable to contain herself any longer.

Henry smiled happily, and put an arm round her shoulders.

"I've got something for you Ursula," he said, producing the documents of ownership of the poultry farm.

Trembling, Ursula took them and skimmed through them, too excited to stop and read steadily.

"What do they mean, Henry?"

"We're going to live in the country and raise chickens, Ursula," he said happily. "We can do what we always wanted to do."

Ursula wept and kissed him clumsily.

"Oh, Henry!" was all she could say.

They spent a tiring night planning what they would do, and discussing all aspects of the new life. They decided to move into the place after a fortnight, so that everything could be finalised without any rush or bother.

As he looked around the bake-

house next morning, Henry thought about its future. What was going to happen to all this? Could he sell it? It was a wonderfully successful concern and would fetch a high price. He pictured an advertisement in the paper.

"Successful Industrial Concern for Sale."

"Guaranteed a Lucrative Investment."

More important than the plant, though, was the formula, and he blushed to think that he did not even know what was happening in the ovens.

He had read in a book about chemical reactions, and his ignorance of his own process that had netted him such a lot of money made him feel ashamed.

No, they would laugh at him if they knew that. And he couldn't sell it without their knowing. He was faced with a difficult problem. What to do with the business?

He could go away and let it die an ignominious death, but it would be a loss to the community. The production of synthetic sponge rubber was of almost national importance. Henry was at a loss to decide.

He happened to catch a glimpse of a honey tin on the shelf above him. A drop formed and fell before he could avoid it. He went to wipe it off his trousers, and saw that there was a large sticky patch near the drop.

"Deat," he muttered mildly. The honey must have been dripping on him for quite a while.

He searched for some cleaning fluid, but all he could find was a bottle of methylated spirit in the first-aid chest. Sitting on a block of crude Organate, he rubbed at the stain. He was so intent on the task that it was a while before he found he was moving.

With a cry he sprang to his feet. Where he had been sitting was just a dwindling damp patch on the floor. He was almost overcome by intense fumes smelling of honey. Numbly he watched the patch disappear.

Henry was frightened then. He understood what had happened. Some of the methylated spirit had splashed on to the block of Organate and through some chemical action had eaten it away. His fright lessened after a while, but he still stood there in the bakehouse wringing his handkerchief.

He saw in his imagination people all over the country spilling methylated spirit on their car seats. He pictured the startled looks on their faces, then the mad rush to the phone, calling the police.

Hundreds of people in a mass swindle. He thought of the ensuing nation-wide hunt for the perpetrator. For him, No, no, it could not be as serious as that.

Suddenly he knew what course lay open to him. He felt no qualms. He had answered a public demand, and had conducted a perfectly legitimate business. This unhappy occurrence would best be forgotten.

He glanced round the bakery. There was no complicated machinery to be taken apart. All traces of the block of Organate he had been sitting on had disappeared, and there was nothing left to show that anything other than ordinary bread-making had been attempted. Abruptly he turned and went home.

He interrupted Ursula's skilful mixing of a Honey Angel Cake.

"Ursula," he said, "can you be ready to leave to-morrow?" He answered her surprised questioning gaze with: "It's best that we get shifted into the country as soon as possible. The weather's turning against the fowls now, and I'd like to be sure everything's ship-shape."

He found a piece of paper and started writing.

"Before we go there's an advertisement I have to put in the paper," he remarked.

"What is it?" asked Ursula, reaching for the scrap.

She read the first line. It said:

"Bakery for Sale—Cheap."

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Do Johnnie's Antrums cause his Tantrums?



Don't beat the boy. You'd be in a rage if you had a nagging cold and an aching throat. Give him a sweet and make him better—a medicated sweet that will make him better—ALLEN'S IRISH MOSS GUM JUBES.



At the first sign of a cough, cold or sore throat, take Allen's Irish Moss Gum Jubes



—You can feel them doing you good!

A. W. ALLEN LIMITED

Makers of STEAMROLLERS, ACE CHEWING GUM, BUTTER MENTHOLS, CURE-EM-QUICK, AND Q.T. FRUIT DROPS.

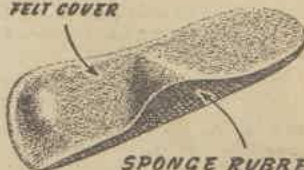
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Springy Sponge Rubber ARCH SUPPORTS

Put in YOUR Shoes, and Walk with More Comfort

The Sponge Rubber Absorbs the JAR in walking

FELT COVER



SPONGE RUBBER

Only 8/- per Pair

POST FREE in Aust. and N.Z.

Ladies' 3-5, 6-8, Men's 5-7, 8-10.

State size of Shoe when Ordering

Clark Matting & Rubber Pty. Ltd. 193 BRIDGE ROAD, RICHMOND, VICTORIA



PRAISE FOR AMAZING IMMUNISATION TREATMENT

Bedridden from Rheumatism NOW PAIN FREE

No story in fiction could be more dramatic than this amazing, unsolicited statement made by Mrs. M. Maguire, of Henry Street, Guildford, N.S.W., about her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, of the same address.

It tells of Mrs. Metcalfe's relief from boundless misery and rheumatic pain as a result of using Lantigen 'C' dissolved oral vaccine.

Here are the facts in Mrs. Maguire's own words . . .

Henry Street, Guildford.
23/11/37.

Dear Sirs,—

It is a pleasure for me to write this testimonial on LANTIGEN 'C' on behalf of my mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, above address. For the past 20 years she has been a sick woman. Firstly, Catarrh, which passed into stomach, causing her years of suffering. Ten years ago she had a very bad illness. While in bed she developed the severe joint pains.

As years went on she was more often in bed than out; every winter would find her in bed suffering intense agony. She is not a complainer ever, but when pain would send her quite delirious the Doctor would come and give her the needle. We (the whole family) have taken our turn night and day, with hot (almost boiling) soda packs on her joints to try and relieve her suffering, which would make your heart ache to see. She would get a little better with warm weather, but each cloudy change found her back in bed.

The last three years she has had possibly over two years in bed. Her joints would come up in hard nodules in a few minutes, and she would nearly go mad with pain. It attacked her in knee, feet, hips, arms, shoulders, elbows, hands and jaw bones, usually shifting after 24 or 48 hours in one place to another. There was a time when she could not bear the hot packs on her hands; we had cold packs on her hands and very hot ones on her feet at one time. She would be so very weak and helpless. If we made her bed and moved her ever so little, she cried with pain and exhaustion, and it was cruel to touch her.

She had everything anyone ever told her, or a chemist ever stocked, but got little or no relief. She was resigned to her fate, a confined invalid, absolutely skin and bone; I'm sure she was not free stone (although never a big woman). She never cared if she ate anything or not, had no interest in anything very much; she was to be pitied.

In February this year she got very bad again and, back to bed, her knee went up like a big balloon in a few days, and all the leg drew up and became deformed (her hands were more or less deformed for years). She suffered intense agony. Neither packs nor anything seemed to do her any good—she was too used to everything that once gave her a little relief. We never thought she could possibly see the winter through; she was clean worn out for want of rest and sleep and down to zero.



Mrs. Metcalfe, well and happy, seen here knitting at her home in Henry Street, Guildford.

One day a friend met my brother and asked after her. He said to try LANTIGEN for her; he knew an old man over 70 years walking about now—he was in bed for years, and LANTIGEN helped him. Mother has not been well for over 20 years. My brother went to our chemist and asked him for a bottle of Lantigen 'C'.

Mother commenced taking it. Before the first bottle was gone she was able to get out of bed, with help. The second week she began to feel better, and less pain. She has taken it to directions, never missing a dose. Now she is on the fourth bottle, having about ten days' supply left. The pains are still in her hands and feet a little, but gradually getting better. She has put on over two stone in weight and eats better than for years. She looks wonderfully well and has an interest in everything; she is so delighted with herself. She says she could get up on house tops and tell the world what LANTIGEN has done for her, and all who are like her that will get it. My brother has driven miles out of his way to tell people about LANTIGEN who he had heard were suffering—perfect strangers.

Mother said if any sufferer doubts what LANTIGEN claims, if they come to her, she will be delighted to tell them how it has cured her after ten years of a living hell on earth. You may use this testimonial as you like, and her name also, as she can swear to it being the truth—and it is also voluntary.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) M. Maguire.

12 YEARS LATER TO-DAY!

To-day, 12 years later, Mrs. Metcalfe is a well, happy, normal woman of 79. Free from the agonising joint and muscle pains that made her life a misery, she now knits and crochets warm afghan rugs that are the delight of her family, the envy of her friends.

Her hands are supple, her general health good, her outlook on life changed—where once she was an invalid confined to her bed, absolutely skin and bone, she is now well, back to normal weight, taking an active part in life with her family who so devotedly cared for her during her "10 years' living hell on earth."

If you suffer as Mrs. Metcalfe did, then Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine can help you, too.

Lantigen 'C', taken just like an ordinary medicine, is a proved treatment for germ-caused Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis.



Mrs. Metcalfe is here proudly showing one of the many fine afghan rugs she now knits for her friends.

LANTIGEN 'C' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF



Lantigen 'C' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis, because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared specially by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Works through the Bloodstream

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'C' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

Immunity Promoted

These are the system's natural antidotes to the "rheumatic" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, relieve pain, improve general health. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

Searing joint and muscle pains are relieved, swelling is reduced, your appetite and digestion improve, you sleep through the night without pain—wake rested and fresh.



No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'C' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

No Drugs.

Lantigen 'C' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.

Economical.

The recommended treatment costs only 3/6d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'C' can bring to you.

Ask your
chemist
to-day for

Lantigen 'C'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE
that's taken just like an ordinary medicine

for GERM-CAUSED RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS AND FIBROSITIS

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY

Medical Opinion on Oral Immunisation

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 13, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thomson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "... The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

You could not do better than to commence treating your complaint with Lantigen 'C'. It has been proved so very successful by so many people over so many years.

By MARY COLES, of our Melbourne staff

Looking through photograph albums of some of the work of distinguished portrait painter Michael Cohen, now visiting Melbourne, is like seeing a pictorial version of Debreth.

He has been painting portraits of well-known people, with much success, since the Edwardian era.

HE doesn't remember all the sitters. As he flips through the album he will tell you . . . "Ah, yes, the Bowes-Lyon child . . . Now, let me see . . . yes, Lord Wakefield—the oil magnate."

And he points out "the little Kent girl"—Princess Alexandra—among a lot of gold and silver spoon children.

But at present I. M. Cohen, R.P., R.O.I., of Palace Gate, London, is not talking or thinking about work.

He's enjoying suburban home life staying with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Perl, in East St. Kilda.

They had not met for 43 years before this visit.

He is most easily recognisable by a gentle, unassuming manner, quiet, rich voice, small checked bow-tie, and engaging vagueness for names and dates.

English critics enthuse about the sanity and spontaneity of his work. He does enchanting flower studies, and his portraits are outstanding for their grace and sincerity.

As well he captures the elusive quality in a child's face. Mr. Cohen can be persuaded to talk about children more easily than about the subjects of his adult portraits.

"They're such funny little things," he says.

He is proud that he has never struck one, yet that he couldn't manage, but he has come perilously close to defeat sometimes.

He thinks he is successful be-

cause he is not afraid of them, and shamelessly admits bribery—with lollies.

Mothers and nurses are banned during sittings.

He remembers being put on his honor, though, by the mother of the Earl of Gainsborough, not to let her little boy have more than one boiled sweet an hour.

He recalled this when the Earl and another young man, Naylor Leland, whom Mr. Cohen also painted, were escorting Princess Elizabeth to Bagatelle Club parties before her marriage.

Many of the children are painted in the wedding finery they wear at fashionable London marriages—and that is the end of the dress or suit.

THE artist has to get them interested and unselfconscious, and so invents exciting stories and even fleets of mythical cars to enthrall the mechanically minded.

The little angels usually finish up rolling unselfishly in the dustiest corner of the studio.

Mr. Cohen suspects some children regard a visit to his studio in much the same terms as a trip to the dentist's—until he gets to work with the lollies.

He overheard one little boy informing his nurse in a shrill, high-pitched voice that he didn't like Mr. Cohen, would never like Mr. Cohen, he didn't want to be painted, and he wouldn't be painted.

He was painted, but Mr. Cohen had to do conjuring tricks with his

BRITAIN'S present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, painted by Mr. Cohen in the 1930's.

left hand while the right hand held the brush.

One of the first children he painted was hopelessly spoiled, but Mr. Cohen wanted the portrait to be a success, because he wished to send it to the Academy.

Weeks of bribery with sweets failed. The little boy refused to accept paints to play with . . . he was not interested in stories and motor cars.

Just as Mr. Cohen had him across his knee about to administer a long-threatened lamming, his mother walked into the studio.

"He at once shrieked, 'MOTHER . . .'" Mr. Cohen said.

"I looked at her helplessly, and mentally waved my career away."

"She looked back and then slowly commented, 'Thank you very much, Mr. Cohen, that's the very thing he's needed for a very long while.'"

"I had no more trouble with him after that," he said.

Mr. Cohen chuckles about an adorable four-year-old who ate his lollies, ate his fruit and still refused to be good.

Finally she condescended to turn over a new leaf "if he would kiss her."

"Kiss you," he stormed, "certainly not. I wouldn't dream of kissing a bad little girl."

She immediately sat still, and with

TITIAN - HAIRRED Duchess of Sutherland, who looks as young as her grown-up daughter. Mr. Cohen says. This is a photograph of his portrait of her.

furrowed brow softly whispered to herself, "But everyone likes to kiss me. I have such soft cheeks."

Since the death of his wife, Mr. Cohen has lived very simply. They were married in 1914, seven years after Michael Cohen won a Melbourne National Gallery Travelling Scholarship to study in Paris.

He says his success just happened. His persuasive and unusually attractive knack of transplanting character on to canvas won him Societe Des Artistes Francais Gold and Silver Medals, membership of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, the Royal Institute of Portrait Painters, the Pastel Society, and the Society of Graphic Art.

Mr. Cohen says he's never been wholly satisfied with a picture he has painted.

But he admits getting some pleasure from the remark of a peer, whose wife he had painted:

"It's lovely," he said . . . "if only I could get her to look at me like that!"



CHILDHOOD PORTRAIT of the Earl of Gainsborough. His mother rationed him to one boiled sweet an hour during sittings.



PORTRAIT PAINTER I. M. Cohen, R.P., R.O.I., is visiting his home city, Melbourne.

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap for my complexion. My beauty facials bring quick new loveliness,"

says

Margaret Lockwood

starring in J. Arthur Rank's "Look Before You Love".

Voted England's favourite actress, beautiful Margaret Lockwood is famous for her exquisite milk- and roses complexion. Margaret's beauty care is one any girl can follow . . . daily active lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. "I work the creamy lather in gently but thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, splash on cold — pat to dry with a soft towel." Give your skin this gentle beautifying care. It's quick and easy and it really works!

Hair: Dark Brown
Eyes: Blue
Complexion: Milk and roses
Hobby: Pottering about her country cottage garden.
Birthdate: September 15
Beauty Care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap.



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars



Edwin Styles

now starring in the West End of London,
sends us a cheerio -



"I'll always
remember Australia
-and Small's Club
Chocolate."

"What a kind thought to remember how much I liked Small's Club Chocolate when I was in Australia. When I came off-stage at interval during yesterday's matinee I found a parcel of Small's Club Chocolate waiting for me in my dressing room. Believe me, I'd snapped into it in less time than it takes to write these words. There is nothing like that not-so-sweet flavor of Small's Club Chocolate. I am told that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. I can well believe it because Small's Club Chocolate breaks with such a clear, loud SNAP every time."

Small's make Great Chocolate



It was a lonely house, two miles from a village, two miles, as Molly put it, from anywhere.

She had often been alone in the house before, but she had never before been so conscious of being alone in it.

The snow beat in a soft flurry against the window-panes. It made a whispering, uneasy sound. Supposing Giles couldn't get back—supposing the snow was so thick that the car couldn't get through?

Supposing she had to stay alone here—stay alone for days, perhaps?

She looked round the kitchen—a big, comfortable kitchen that seemed to call for a big, comfortable cook presiding at the kitchen table her jaws moving rhythmically as she ate rock-cakes and drank black tea.

She should be flanked by a tall, elderly parlourmaid on one side and a round, rosy housemaid on the other, with a kitchenmaid and a tureen at the other end of the table.

Instead, there was just herself. Molly Davis, playing a role that did not, yet, seem a very natural one to play. Her whole life, at the moment, seemed unreal—Giles seemed unreal. She was playing a part—just playing a part.

A shadow passed the window and she jumped. A strange man was coming through the snow. She heard the rattle of the side door.

The stranger stood there in the open doorway, shaking off snow, a strange man walking into the empty house.

And then, suddenly, illusion fled. "Oh, Giles!" she cried. "I'm so glad you've come!"

"Hello, sweetheart! What filthy weather! I'm frozen."

He stamped his feet and blew through his hands.

Automatically, Molly picked up the coat that he had thrown in a Giles-like manner on to the oak chest. She put it on a hanger, taking out of the stuffed pockets a muffler, a newspaper, a ball of string, and the morning's correspondence.

Moving into the kitchen, she laid down the articles on the dresser and put the kettle on the gas.

"Did you get the netting?" she asked. "What ages you've been!"

"It wasn't the right kind. Wouldn't have been any good for us. I went on to another dump, but that wasn't any good, either. What have you been doing with yourself? Nobody turned up yet?"

"Mrs. Boyle isn't coming till tomorrow, anyway."

"Major Metcalf and Mr. Wren ought to be here to-day."

"Major Metcalf sent a card to say he wouldn't be here till tomorrow."

"Then that leaves us and Mr. Wren for dinner. What do you think he's like? Correct sort of retired Civil Servant is my idea."

"No, I think he's an artist."

"In that case," said Giles, "we'd better get a week's rent in advance. You know, Molly, we don't in the least know what we're up against in this business. I hope they don't spot what amateurs we are."

"Mrs. Boyle is sure to," said Molly. "How do you know? You haven't seen her."

Molly turned away. She spread a newspaper on the table, fetched some pieces of cheese, and set to work to grate them.

"What's this?" inquired her husband.

"It's going to be Welsh rarebit," Molly informed him. "Breadcrumbs and mashed potatoes and just a teeny weeny bit of cheese to justify its name."

"Aren't you a clever cook!" said her admiring husband.

"I wonder. I can do one thing at a time. It's assembling them that needs so much practice. Breakfast is the worst."

"Why?"

"Because it all happens at once—eggs and bacon and hot milk and coffee and toast. The milk boils over, or the toast burns, or the bacon fries, or the eggs go hard. You have to be as active as a scalded cat, watching everything at once."

"I shall have to creep down unobserved to-morrow morning and watch this scalded cat impersonation."

Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 9

"The kettle's boiling," said Molly. "Shall we take the tray into the library and put on the radio? It's almost time for the news."

"As we seem to be going to spend the whole of our time in the kitchen, we ought to have a radio here, too."

"Yes. How nice kitchens are! I love this kitchen. I think it's by far the nicest room in the house. I like the dresser and the plates, and I simply love the lavish feeling that an absolutely enormous kitchen range gives you."

She smiled. "Though, of course, I'm thankful I haven't got to cook on it."

"I suppose a whole year's fuel ration would go in one day?"

"Almost certainly. I should say. But think of the lovely great joints that were roasted in it, sirloins of beef and saddles of mutton."

She sighed. "What a lovely, comfortable age the Victorian age was. Look at the furniture upstairs, large and solid and rather ornate. But oh, the heavenly comfort of it, with lots of room for the clothes one used to have, and every drawer sliding in and out so easily."

Again she gave a little sigh, and Giles grinned ruefully at her.

"Do you remember that smart modern flat we were lent?" she went on. "Everything built in and sliding. Only nothing slid, it always stuck. And the doors pushed shut, only they never stayed shut, or if they did shut, they wouldn't open."

"Yes, that's the worst of gadgets," Giles agreed.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Molly made the tea, and Giles picked up the tray.

"Well, come on, let's hear the news," he said, heading for the library.

The news consisted mainly of grim warnings about the weather, the usual deadlock in foreign affairs, spirited bickerings in Parliament, and a murder in Culver Street, Paddington.

"Ugh," said Molly, switching it off. "Nothing but misery."

She added in a different tone of voice, "I wonder what the woman was like who was murdered."

"Mrs. Lyons?"

"Was that her name? I wonder who wanted to murder her, and why?"

"Perhaps she had a fortune under the floorboards."

"When it says the police are anxious to interview a man 'seen in the vicinity' does that mean he's the murderer?"

"I think it's usually that. Just a polite way of putting it."

The shrill note of a bell made them both jump.

"That's the front door," said Giles. "Enter a murderer," he added facetiously.

"It would be, of course, in a play," Molly said. "Hurry up. It must be Mr. Wren. Now we shall see who's right about him, you or me."

Mr. Wren and a flurry of snow came in together with a rush. All that Molly, standing in the library door, could see of the newcomer was his silhouette against the white world outside.

How alike, thought Molly, were all men in their livery of civilisation. Dark overcoat, felt hat, with a muffler round the neck.

In another moment Giles had shut the front door against the elements. Mr. Wren was unwinding his muffler and casting down his suitcase and flinging off his hat—all, it seemed, at the same time—also talking.

He had a high-pitched, almost querulous voice and stood revealed in the light of the hall as a young

man with a shock of light auburn hair and pale, restless eyes.

"Too, too frightful," he was saying. "The English winter at its worst—a reversion to Dickens—Scrooge and Tiny Tim and all that. One has to be so terribly hearty to stand up to it all. Don't you think so? And I've had a terrible cross-country journey from Wales. Are you Mrs. Davis? But how delightful!"

Molly's hand was seized in a quick, bony clasp.

"Not at all as I'd imagined you. I'd pictured you, you know, as an Indian Army general's widow. Terrifically grim and Mem Sahib-ah, and Benares brass all around. Instead—" The pale eyes opened wide.

"But how lovely—my dear!—it's a whatnot—a real Victorian whatnot," he explained. "Heavenly, simply heavenly. . . Have you got any wax flowers? Or birds of paradise?"

Without waiting for an answer, the querulous voice rushed on. "Oh, but I'm simply going to love this place. I was afraid, you know, it would be very Olde Worlde—very, very Manor House—falling the Benares brass, I mean. Instead, it's marvellous—real Victorian bed-rock respectability. Tell me, have you got one of those beautiful sideboards—purple mahogany with great carved fruit?"

"As a matter of fact," said Molly, rather breathless under this torrent of words, "we have."

"No! Can I see it? At once. In here?"

His quickness was disconcerting. He had turned the handle of the dining-room door, and clicked on the light. Molly followed him in, conscious of Giles' disapproving profile on her left.

Mr. Wren passed his long, bony fingers over the rich carving of the massive sideboard with little cries of appreciation. Then he turned a reproachful glance upon his hostess.

"No big mahogany dining-table? All these little tables dotted about instead?"

"We thought people would prefer it that way," said Molly.

"Darling, of course, you're quite right. I was being carried away by my feelings for a period. Of course, if you had the table, you'd have to have the right family round it." He smiled and nodded.

"Stern, handsome father with a beard, prolific faded mother," he went on. "Eleven children, a grim governess, and somebody called 'poor Harriet'—the poor relation who acts as general dogsbody and is very, very grateful for being given a good home. Look at that grate! Think of the flames leaping up the chimney and blistering poor Harriet's back!"

"I'll take your suitcase upstairs," said Giles. "East room?"

"Yes," said Molly.

Mr. Wren skipped out into the hall again as Giles went upstairs.

"Has it got a four-poster with little chintz roses?" he asked.

"No, it hasn't," said Giles, and disappeared round the bend of the staircase.

"I don't believe your husband is going to like me," said Mr. Wren. "What's he been in? The Navy?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. They're much less tolerant than the Army and the Air Force. How long have you been married? Are you very much in love with him?"

"Perhaps you'd like to come up and see your room," Molly said firmly.

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WITH a sudden smile, the young man went on: "Yes, of course, that was impertinent. But I really did want to know. I mean, it's interesting, don't you think, to know all about people?"

"I suppose," said Molly in a demure voice, "you are Mr. Wren?"

The young man stopped short, clutched his hair in both hands and gazed at it.

"But how frightful!" he exclaimed. "I never put first things first. Yes, I'm Christopher Wren—now don't laugh. My parents were a romantic couple. They hoped I'd be an architect. So they thought it a splendid idea to christen me Christopher—half-way home, as it were."

"And are you an architect?" asked Molly, unable to help smiling.

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Wren triumphantly. "At least I'm nearly one. I'm not fully qualified yet. But it's really a remarkable example of wishful thinking coming off for once. Mind you, actually the name will be a handicap, I shall never be THE Christopher Wren. However, Chris Wren's Pre-Pab Nests may achieve fame."

Giles came down the stairs again and Molly said, "I'll show you your room now, Mr. Wren."

When she came down a few minutes later, Giles said, "Well, did he like the pretty oak furniture?"

"He was very anxious to have a four-poster, so I gave him the Rose room instead."

Giles grunted.

"Now look here, Giles," Molly assumed a severe demeanor. "This isn't a house party of guests we're entertaining. Whether you like young Christopher Wren or not—"

"I don't," Giles interjected.

"—has nothing to do with it. He's paying seven guineas a week and that's all that matters."

"If he pays it, yes."

"He's agreed to pay it. We've got his letters."

"Did you transfer that suitcase of his to the Rose Room?" Giles inquired.

"He carried it, of course."

"Very gallant. But it wouldn't have damaged you. It's so light there's probably nothing in it."

"Bel, here he comes," said Molly warningly.

Christopher Wren was conducted to the library, which looked, Molly thought, very nice indeed, with its big chairs and its log fire. Dinner, she told him, would be in half an hour's time.

In reply to a question, she ex-

Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 34

plained that there were no other guests at the moment. In that case, Christopher said, how would it be if he came into the kitchen and helped?

The subsequent proceedings took place in the kitchen and Christopher helped with the washing up.

Somehow, Molly felt, it was not quite the right start for a conventional guest-house, and Giles had not liked it at all.

Oh, well, thought Molly, as she fell asleep, to-morrow when the others came it would be different.

The morning came with dark skies and snow. Giles looked grave and Molly's heart fell.

Mrs. Boyle arrived in the local taxi with chains on the wheels, and the driver brought pessimistic reports of the state of the road.

"Drifts afore nightfall," he prophesied.

Mrs. Boyle herself did not lighten the prevailing gloom. She was a large forbidding-looking woman with a resonant voice and a masterful manner. Her natural aggressiveness had been heightened by a war career of persistent and militant usefulness.

"If I had not believed this was a running concern, I should never have come," she said.

"There is no obligation for you to remain if you are not satisfied, Mrs. Boyle," said Giles, in a quiet voice.

"No, indeed, and I shall not think of doing so."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Boyle," said Giles, "you would like me to ring up for a taxi. The roads are not yet blocked. If there has been any misapprehension, it would perhaps be better if you went elsewhere."

He added: "We have had so many applications that we shall be able to fill your place quite easily. Matter of fact, in future we are charging a higher rate for our rooms."

Mrs. Boyle threw him a sharp glance.

"I am certainly not going to leave before I have tried the place. Perhaps you would let me have a rather larger bath towel, Mrs. Davis."

I am not accustomed to drying myself on a pocket handkerchief."

Giles grinned at Molly behind Mrs. Boyle's retreating back.

"Darling, you were wonderful," said Molly. "The way you stood up to her."

"Bullies soon climb down when they get their own medicine," said Giles.

"Oh, dear," said Molly. "I wonder

how she'll get on with Christopher Wren."

"She won't," said Giles.

And, indeed, that very afternoon, Mrs. Boyle remarked to Molly:

"That's a very peculiar young man, with distinct disfavor in her voice."

The baker arrived, looking like an Arctic explorer, and delivered the bread with the warning that his next call, due in two days' time, might not materialise.

"Hold-ups everywhere," he announced. "Got plenty of stores in, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Molly. "We've got lots of tins. I'd better take extra flour, though."

She thought vaguely that there was something one made called damper.

The baker had also brought papers, and she spread them out on the hall table.

Foreign affairs had receded in importance. The weather and the murder of Mrs. Lyons occupied the front page.

Molly was staring at the blurred reproduction of the dead woman's features when Christopher Wren's voice behind her said: "Rather a sordid murder, don't you think? Such a drab-looking woman and such a drab street. One can't feel, can one, that there is any story behind it?"

"I've no doubt," said Mrs. Boyle with a snort, "that the creature got no more than she deserved."

"Oh! Mr. Wren turned to her with engaging eagerness. "So you think it's definitely a sex crime, do you?"

"I suggested nothing of the kind, Mr. Wren."

"But she was strangled, wasn't she? I wonder—" he held out his long white hands, "what it would feel like to strangle anyone."

"Really, Mr. Wren!"

Christopher moved nearer to her, lowering his voice.


"Have you considered, Mrs. Boyle, just what it would feel like to be strangled?"

Mrs. Boyle said again, even more indignantly, "Really, Mr. Wren!"

Molly read out hurriedly: "The man the police are anxious to interview was wearing a dark overcoat and a felt hat, was of medium height, and wore a woollen scarf."

"In fact," said Christopher Wren, "he looked just like everybody else

Please turn to page 37



Tea never gave me a thrill ...

till I tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!

Just a sip of Lipton's sent this merry housewife into rhapsodies!

Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA
Brisk flavour—
NEVER FLAT!

Banish IRREGULARITY

and build yourself UP without medicines

Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural
LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD and BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity—as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat ... not on medicines.

For natural elimination there is nothing else like All-Bran. It supplies the

BULK your system needs every day—the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination.

Builds You UP

Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran ... effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

Delicious This Way ...

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour.



You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *

* Registered Trade Mark



"Tired Blood" and Blemishes

Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" ... cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



SYDNEY MAN SAYS BARBECUE IS FUN FOR ALL

Entry in £3000 Cookery Contest inspired by Californian visit

When Mr. David Merrick, of Earlwood, N.S.W., read details of The Australian Women's Weekly £3000 Cookery Contest, he skimmed down the list until he came to the section for the Best Barbecue Supper for 25.

"This is in my line," said Mr. Merrick to his wife, and began to work out an entry.

MR. MERRICK, who is assistant manager of a Sydney firm, went to the United States in 1947 on a business trip, and returned full of enthusiasm for barbecues.

Mr. Merrick's entry includes some of the mouth-watering foods he sampled at outdoor barbecues in California.

"Over there," said Mr. Merrick, "I saw Californians having an immense amount of fun over barbecues. I mean fun for parents and their friends as well as children."

"A typical evening would start off with the fire being prepared well in advance. The guests would arrive and sit outside in the garden on cool cane or wooden chairs, and have a few drinks first."

"Usually," he went on, "the husband is boss of the barbecue, and gets on with the cooking of steak, spare ribs, or chicken."

Mr. Merrick grew reminiscent at the memory of barbecued chicken. "They take the chicken," he said, "and thread a long stick through the whole bird. Then they hold it over the flame, and when it's cooked, oh, boy, is it good!"

"I leave it to you," says Mr. Merrick, "as to what happens next."

Some of the "plusber" homes in America have an electric spit which rotates and cooks the meat very quickly, but most people prefer to do their own cooking.

Back in Australia, Mr. Merrick wanted to build a barbecue in his back garden.

"I couldn't get the bricks," Mr. Merrick explained. "When I do, I'll build that barbecue quickly."

The Merrick family includes Mrs. Merrick, eight-year-old Narelle, Ian,

who is five, and Ronald, only three and a half months.

Whenever possible, the Merricks get out in the car at week-ends and go out for picnics. They take along a portable bassinet, and when they come to the picnic spot they pop Ronald in his bassinet, which is fitted with mosquito-proof sides, and put him in the shade.

There follows wood gathering, a fire is lit, and cooking which Mr. Merrick does while Mrs. Merrick relaxes. As Mr. Merrick isn't fond of washing-up, the family takes paper cups and plates which can be used and then burnt.

"Yes, we like picnics," said fair-haired Mrs. Merrick. "We even have picnic meals at home over the fire in the sitting-room."

For this purpose Mr. Merrick made an extra-long toasting-fork. Either he or his wife sits back well out of scorching range, and toasts frankfurts.

"They're wonderful done that way," enthused Mrs. Merrick.

Study the conditions

READERS entering the contest are advised to study general conditions and find out from detailed instructions how their entries should be presented.

Details of classes in Sections 3 and 4 of the contest are printed here, but complete conditions of entry and sections have been printed in previous issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

It is expected that all recipes submitted will be correct in proportion, and that methods of preparation and cooking will be described accurately.

The contest will close on July 2. Results will be announced in August.

SECTION 3:

Winter Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best winter oven dinner for family of six.

First prize, £20. Second prize, £10.

Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 3.

SECTION 4:

Summer Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best top-of-stove summer dinner for family of six.

First prize, £20. Second prize, £10.

Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 4.

CONDITIONS FOR SECTIONS 3 and 4

MENUS entered in Classes 1 to 6 of Sections 3 and 4 should include foods of a type suitable for the season specified. They should be set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

The three courses may consist of savory or fruit appetiser, meat and vegetables, sweet. Or soup, fish



HOME after a business trip to America, where he enjoyed many barbecue parties, Mr. David Merrick, of Earlwood, N.S.W., has entered the barbecue party section of The Australian Women's Weekly £3000 Cookery Contest.

entree, meat and vegetables. Or soup, meat or fish and vegetables, sweet.

Include detailed recipes for all dishes listed in menu. Set recipes out clearly—ingredients listed first, followed by method in clear detail. Quantities must be sufficient for number of people specified.

Menus entered in Section 3, Class 7: Winter dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes for all dishes listed.

All dishes must be oven-cooked (including vegetables). Give details of how dishes are accommodated in the oven, times oven door is opened to insert dishes taking a shorter time to cook. Include sufficient in-

formation to make the menu workable for a family of six.

Menus entered in Section 4, Class 7: Summer dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes.

All dishes must be cooked on the top of the stove. Details must be given of cooking arrangements to suit the average stove, i.e., gas, electric, or kerosene stoves with three or four burners, or fuel stove. Include sufficient information to make the menu practical and workable for a family of six.

NOTE: All menus in Sections 3 and 4 must be within the reach of average family finances, and nutritionally well balanced.

"What would this mother of 12 do without VELVET SOAP?"

"With 12 children aged from 2 to 24 years old, you can imagine the washing I have to do... and how I appreciate Velvet!"

writes Mrs. G. Cremer, 25 Kent Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

asks Aunt Jenny



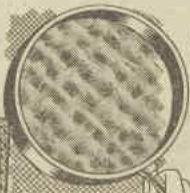
"Velvet is all the wonderful things Mrs. Cremer says about it, ladies," declares Aunt Jenny. "And here's the reason her clothes last longer, stay stronger."



Mrs. Cremer wraps baby Christina in a spotless Velvet washed towel.

"I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU how Velvet makes clothes last in this family—it even amazes me!" says Mrs. Cremer. "Shirts, pants, blouses, frocks and undies—they're all years and years old and handed down again and again. And the materials stay so strong I can remake and alter to my heart's content."

Tues in every morning, Monday to Thursday "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SUDS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds.

V.165.15WW



11 of Mrs. Cremer's happy young Australians



The tiny tots always insist on Velvet to wash their doll's clothes, too.

Important message for HEARING AID USERS—

Eveready has just produced a new "A" battery for your Hearing Aid . . . hours and hours more service life, yet costs no extra. This powerful Eveready "A" battery is known as the A 1150. Its amazing long service life cuts your "A" battery replacement bill in half.



More Power.
Longer Life.
No extra cost.

Procurable only
from your
hearing aid supplier!

Ask today for the NEW
EVEREADY
DOUBLE LIFE "A" BATTERY
—especially designed
for your Hearing Aid.

OXO

Beef extract blended
with other nourishing
ingredients in handy
cube form.



Hot OXO
SO GOOD TO DRINK
SO EASY TO MAKE
Just add hot water

Holds My FALSE TEETH Tighter and Longer

I've tried several kinds of powders to hold my false teeth. When I tried FASTEETH I found the one powder that does not thin out or wash away, but "stays put" all day. It gives a most pleasant feeling, a real sense of security. Breath always pleasant. If anyone with loose-fitting false teeth wants all-day comfort and real stay-there fit, get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 4, 1945

Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 35

IN his room at Scotland Yard, Inspector Parminter said to Detective-Sergeant Kane, "I'll see those two workmen now."

"Yes, sir."

"What are they like?"

"Rather slow reactions. Dependable."

"Right." Inspector Parminter nodded.

The two embarrassed men in their best clothes were shown into his room. Parminter summed them up with a quick eye.

"So you think you've some information that might be useful to us on the Lyons case," he said. "Good of you to come along. Sit down. Have a cigarette."

He waited while they accepted cigarettes and lit up.

"Pretty awful weather outside," he remarked.

"It is that, sir."

"Well, now then—let's have it."

"Go ahead, Joe," said the bigger of the two. Joe went ahead.

"It was like this, see, we 'adn't got a match."

"Where was this?"

"Jarman Street—we was working on the road there—gas mains."

Inspector Parminter nodded.

"You 'adn't got a match," he repeated encouragingly.

"No. Finished my box, I 'ad, and Bill's lighter wouldn't work and so I spoke to a bloke as was passing. 'Can you give us a match, mister?'

I says."

Again Parminter nodded.

"Well, he give us a match, 'e did. Didn't say nothing, 'Cruel cold,' Bill said to 'im, and he just answered whispering-like, 'Yes it is.' Got a cold on his chest, I thought. He was all wrapped up, anyway. 'Thanks, mister,' I says and gives him back his matches and he moves off quick, so quick that when I sees 'e'd dropped something—"

"Yes, go on," the inspector encouraged.

"It was almost too late to call 'im back," Joe continued. "It was a little notebook as he must 'ave pulled out of 'is pocket when he got the matches out. 'Hi, Mister,' I calls after 'im. 'You've dropped something.' But he didn't seem to hear, he just quickens up and bolts round the corner, didn't 'e, Bill?"

"That's right," agreed Bill.

"Into the Harrow Road, that was," Joe said.

Hurriedly he added: "It was only a little book, not a wallet or anything like that. Maybe it wasn't important. 'Funny bloke,' I says. 'His hat pulled down over his eyes, and all buttoned up, like a crook on the pictures,' I says to Bill."

"That's what you said," agreed Bill.

"Then I says to Bill, 'Let's 'ave a look at this little book and see if it's important.' Well, sir, I took a look. 'Only a couple of addresses,' I says to Bill. 'One at 74 Culver Street, and some blinking Manor 'ouse.'"

Joe continued his tale with a certain gusto.

"This 74 Culver Street," I says to Bill. "That's just round the corner from 'ere. When we knock off, we'll take it round—and then I sees something written across the top of the page. 'What's this?' I says to Bill. And he takes it and reads it out. 'Three Blind Mice—must be crackers,' he says."

Triumphantly he added, "And just at that very moment—yes, it was that very moment, sir, we hears some woman yelling 'Murder!' a couple of streets away!"

Joe paused at this artistic climax.

"Didn't half create a row, she did," he resumed. "'Here,' I says to Bill, 'you nip along.' And by-and-by he comes back and says there's a big crowd and the police are there and some woman's had her throat cut or been strangled, and that it was the landlady, who found her, yelling for the police. 'Where was it?' I asks, and he says he didn't rightly notice."

Bill coughed and shuffled his feet sheepishly.

"So I says, 'We'll nip around and make sure,' and when we finds it's No. 74 we talk it over and 'Maybe,' Bill says, 'the address in the notebook's got nothing to do with it,' and I says maybe it has, and anyway, after we'd talked it over and heard the police want to interview a man who left the house about that

time, well, we come along here and ask if we can see the gentleman who's handling the case."

"You acted very properly," said Parminter approvingly. "You've brought the notebook along with you? Thank you. Now—"

His questions became brisk and professional. He got places, times, dates. The only thing he did not get was a description of the man who had dropped the notebook.

Instead, he got the same description as he had already had from a hysterical landlady, the description of a hat pulled down over the eyes, a buttoned-up coat, a muffler swathed round the lower part of the face, a voice that was only a whisper, gloved hands . . .

When the men had gone he remained staring down at the little book lying open on his table.

He turned his head as Sergeant Kane came in.

"Come here, Kane, look at this," he said.

Kane stood behind him and let out a low whistle.

"Three Blind Mice," he read out. "Well, I'm dashed!"

"Yes," Parminter opened a drawer and took out a half sheet of newspaper which he laid beside the notebook on his desk. It had been found pinned carefully to the murdered woman.

On it was written: "This is the first."

Below was a childish drawing of three mice and a bar of music.

Kane whistled the tune softly. "Three Blind Mice . . . See how they run."

"That's it, all right," said the inspector.

"Crazy, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes," Parminter frowned. "The identification of the woman is quite certain?"

"Yes, sir. Here's the report from the fingerprints department. Mrs. Lyons, as she called herself, was really Maureen Gregg. She was released from Holloway two months ago on completion of her sentence."

PARMINTER said

thoughtfully, "She went to 74 Culver Street calling herself Maureen Lyons. She displayed no fear of anything or anyone. There's no reason to believe she thought herself in any danger. This man rings the bell, asks for her, and is told by the landlady to go up to the second floor."

"She can't describe him," he went on slowly. "Says only that he was of medium height and seemed to have a bad cold and lost his voice. She went back again to the basement and heard nothing of a suspicious nature. Did not hear the man go out. Ten minutes or so later she took up a cup of tea to her lodger and discovered her strangled." He pursed his lips.

"This wasn't a casual murder, Kane. It was carefully planned." He paused and then added abruptly, "I wonder how many houses there are in England called Monkswell Manor."

"There might be only one, sir."

"That would probably be too much luck. But get on with it. There's no time to lose."

The sergeant's eyes rested appreciatively on two entries in the notebook. 74 Culver Street, Monkswell Manor.

He said, "So you think—"

Parminter said swiftly, "Yes. Don't you?"

"Could be Monkswell Manor—now where? Do you know sir, I could swear I've seen that name quite lately."

"Where?"

"That's what I'm trying to remember . . . Wait a minute . . . Newspaper. . . Back page. Wait a minute . . . Hotels and Boarding Houses . . . Half a sec, sir. It's an old one. I was doing the crossword."

He hurried out of the room and returned in triumph.

"Here you are, sir. Look."

The Inspector followed the pointing finger.

"Monkswell Manor, Harpleden, Berks." He drew the telephone towards him.

"Get me the Berkshire County Police," he said.

To be continued

Got the Golf "Bug"?



Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for DRY SCALP and "HUNGRY HAIR". Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supple-

ments the natural scalp oils and guards against lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed and protected. Give your hair this special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.



Double care—both Scalp and Hair

C-13

Tired Housewife says

RUN DOWN EXHAUSTED

...NOW FEELS FIT!

"I was very run down, had no energy . . . lost sleep and appetite. Since taking Bidomak I have picked up my strength . . . sleep and eat better; in fact, in general feel 100% better in every way." (Sgd.) Mrs. C.L.F., Bexley.

Now thousands of people, run-down and tired out like Mrs. C.L.F., have said goodbye to tired feeling and nervous crankiness. For with scientific, easy-to-take Bidomak they have gained new energy and strength—in just a few weeks.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that many people are nervy and jittery—tired out and sleepless, with no appetite—only because they don't get enough minerals from their daily food. But you can now get the vital minerals your system needs in pleasant-to-take Bidomak. With Bidomak.

Bidomak provides these extra minerals from Magnesium and Copper for the blood—Calcium to build the teeth, blood, bones and nerves—Phosphorus to sharpen the brain and purify the blood—Potassium and Sodium for constant energy and a healthy bloodstream.

Buy a bottle of Bidomak now.

The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING



French star joins Hollywood films

By cable from our Hollywood correspondent

MICHELINE PRELL, the French star who is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, will get the leading role opposite Richard Widmark in "Transit Hong Kong" when the film goes into production soon.

The studio changed Micheline's name from its original spelling of Presle, as the English pronunciation is similar to Prell.

Otto Preminger will direct her first American film, which is a screen play by Phillip Dunne.

INSTEAD of appearing in a movie, John Lund is currently satisfying his literary urge by helping to write Alan Ladd's next film for Paramount. Lund is a former radio writer.

THE Ritz Brothers are negotiating to get Kirk Douglas to do a comedy boxing exhibition with them on their personal appearance tour. The plan would take advantage of Kirk's big hit as a boxer in "Champion."

ELEANOR PARKER is making a big comeback after being out of pictures for two years, and graduates to her first color feature in Warner's "The Travelers," with John Wayne after she does "Chained Lightning" with Humphrey Bogart. She is also being considered for "Career Girl," "Charge It," and "As We Are Today," which will give her the heaviest schedule of her career.

ROBERT WALKER is home, cured, after months in a Kansas City rest home. He goes into M.G.M.'s "Please Believe Me," with Deborah Kerr and Peter Lawford.

ELLA RAINES has been living in London, where her husband, Major Robin Olds, is stationed. She flew back to begin the feminine lead in "The Ball Bond Story," with Pat O'Brien and George Raft, at R.K.O., her first there since "Tall in the Saddle" in 1944.

CECIL B. DE MILLE portrays himself for a key role in Paramount's "Sunset Boulevard." Gloria Swanson plays the part of a movie has-been who visits him on the "Samson and Delilah" set, and he tries to sell him a script. The scene is said to be highly dramatic.

OLYMPIC swimmer Ann Curtis gets the lead opposite Johnny Weissmuller in the next "Jungle Jim" series, which will include plenty of swimming scenes. It will be made as soon as Johnny and his wife return from Europe, where he is planning an exhibition golf tour in Scotland besides swimming engagements.

ESTHER WILLIAMS' next three engagements are planned. First is her expected baby. Then her next film will be "The Duchess of Idaho," and following this there will be an original story, "Olympic Queen." Esther was selected to compete in three events at the 1940 Olympic Games, but unfortunately the war intervened, so this role is really belated recognition of her aquatic ability.

WALTER HUSTON is the likely selection for the role of St. Peter in M.G.M.'s "Quo Vadis," directed by his son, John Huston. "Vadis" will soon be shot in Italy with newcomer Amanda Blake who received the role of the Queen after getting the lead in "Stars in My Crown."

PAUL DOUGLAS, who modestly disclaims his success as a good actor, must return soon from a Honolulu holiday to play in the film "Turned Up Ties," which goes into production in June with Jean Peters. Nightclub comedienne Kay Thompson is also being sought for a role.

A FEW months ago David Brian was a carpenter, then he got the lead in Warner's "Flamingo Road" with Joan Crawford. Then he went into M.G.M.'s "Intruder in the Dust," and now goes to War-



TOGETHER AGAIN. The successful song-and-dance team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers will be welcomed back when they appear in "The Barkleys of Broadway," a modern musical. The stars pose for this picture with M.G.M. producer Arthur Freed.



FAMOUS QUARTET. This photograph was taken in Hollywood immediately after the formation of the United Artists Corporation on April 17, 1919, and includes its four original founders—Douglas Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Charles Chaplin. The famous distributing organization, now celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, is owned at present solely by Miss Pickford and Chaplin.

TEETH EXTRACTED BY GUN!

Do you know?

AN EARLY ENGLISH DENTIST EXTRACTED TEETH BY CONNECTING THEM WITH CATGUT TO A BULLET IN A GUN—AND THEN PULLING THE TRIGGER! TODAY YOUR DENTIST EXTRACTS AND PROTECTS YOUR TEETH SCIENTIFICALLY. **KOLYNOS** CLEANS YOUR TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY. SWEETENS YOUR BREATH TOO!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE BECAUSE ITS CONCENTRATED HALF-INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty!

Toothache in a TEST TUBE!

TWO CALIFORNIAN DENTISTS RECENTLY PRODUCED TOOTH DECAY IN A TEST TUBE—THE FIRST TIME IN DENTAL HISTORY!

YOU FEEL FLAVOUR!

SCIENTISTS SAY WE SMELL AND FEEL FLAVOUR AS WELL AS TASTE IT! THAT COOL REFRESHING KOLYNOS FLAVOUR LASTS LONG AFTER YOU HAVE CLEANED YOUR TEETH. YOU'LL LOVE THE "FEEL" OF IT!

Infant WITH FALSE TEETH!

A BABY GIRL IN WACO (TEXAS) WORE FALSE TEETH AT 8 MONTHS—HER FATHER IS A DENTAL TECHNICIAN. MAKE SURE YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH HAVE A HEALTHY PRESENT... AND A SPARKLING FUTURE WITH KOLYNOS!

KOLYNOS CLEANS BETTER, TASTES BETTER, LASTS LONGER



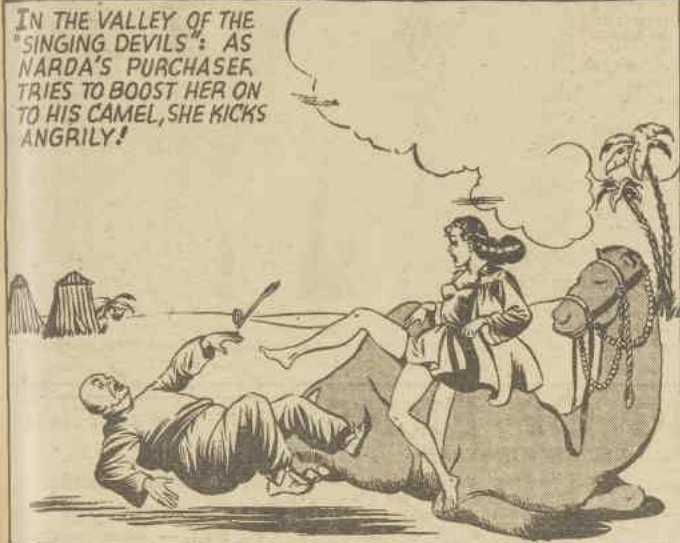
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **PRINCE ADEM:** Son of the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** In the jungle Narda is captured by the Singing Devils, and taken to

their ruler, who turns out to be Prince Adem, who plans to overthrow his father. The Prince asks Narda to marry him, and when she refuses sends her to the slave market. There Narda is auctioned, and sold at a high price to a bidder. Meanwhile, Mandrake and Lothar in search of her reach the gates of the Valley of the Singing Devils. NOW READ ON:



IN THE VALLEY OF THE "SINGING DEVILS": AS NARDA'S PURCHASER TRIES TO BOOST HER ON TO HIS CAMEL, SHE KICKS ANGRILY!



SEIZING HIS RIDING CROP, SHE BEATS HIM UNMERCIFULLY. "YOU THINK I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE? WHY, YOU HORRIBLE OLD MAN" SHE CRIES.



"I WON'T HAVE THIS WILDCAT!" SHRIEKS THE MERCHANT TO PRINCE ADEM. "I'VE BEEN CHEATED! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!"--"VERY WELL, YOUR MONEY SHALL BE RETURNED," SAYS ADEM, ANGRILY.



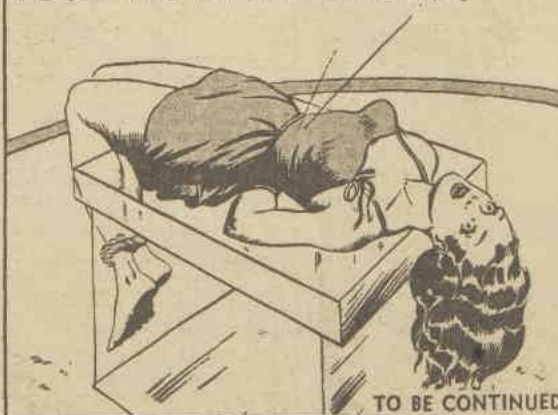
"YOU REFUSE TO BE MY QUEEN. YOU MOCK ME, AND NOW, YOU GIVE MY SLAVE MART A BAD NAME!" SAYS ADEM IN DEADLY TONES. "WE WILL GET RID OF YOU--AND USE YOU, TOO!"



"WE NEED A HUMAN SACRIFICE, SO THAT WE MAY RECEIVE MORE SLAVES," SAYS ADEM. "WE SHALL SACRIFICE YOU TO OUR IDOL!"



NARDA IS BOUND ON THE ALTAR INSIDE THE GLASS IDOL! SUN RAYS, COMING THROUGH THE THICK GLASS, CONVERGE ON HER--AS SHE IS SACRIFICED TO THE SUN-FIRE OF THE SINGING DEVILS!



TO BE CONTINUED.

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A rather prosperous time in either worldly, mental, or emotional matters is indicated for you on June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Family affairs and travel may interest you, and there may be a sea voyage. Things may develop quickly on June 7.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): You can make this a rather profitable week financially, for luck is with you on June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Original ideas, uncommon benefits, and a touch of the unexpected are all around you.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): June 3 should be the start of some of your happiest days. Your powers are at their strongest, so push everything to a happy conclusion during June 4, 5, 6, and 7, and fulfil some of your cherished plans. A good week for changes or travel.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Mental alertness should help you to plan new ideas, and although you may not be able to put them into immediate action they could be to your future benefit and happiness. The best dates are June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Some secrecy could surround your affairs this week.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): You can be your most attractive self this week and should be very popular with all your friends and acquaintances. Some of you may become engaged, while others will achieve many of their desires. Choose June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 for best results.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your business, career, or financial prospects should be very bright, especially from June 3. Take advantage of some sudden luck or a slight boom during June 4, 5, 6, and 7 to establish some of your projects.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Choose June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 to negotiate or conclude any plans relating to travel or distant matters. Government or legal affairs could benefit you, and you will also have success with matters relating to education. You are in one of your luckiest cycles.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): All financial matters are in your favor this week, and unusual benefits could come your way. June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are your best dates, especially where your interests are dependent upon others. A touch of the unexpected could mark June 7.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): This is your week to bring to a happy conclusion affairs of romance. June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 favor partnerships, engagements, and marriage. You may now ask favors of others, and expect things to move quickly nearing June 7.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Either as employer or employee you are on the upward trend during June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. A lucky break, an unexpected rise, or some new, original ideas could eventuate. Any matters concerning health are also to your benefit.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Any new activity created this week will be to your future advantage. Choose June 3, 4, 5, and 6 for good results, and don't be surprised if the unexpected occurs on June 7. Accept all opportunities for pleasure on these dates.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Get busy with all plans relating to your home affairs, for the aspects are most helpful on June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, whether for buying or selling property, or adjusting family affairs.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Mark Stevens won his stardom after long fight

Popular actor recalls early disappointments

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Although handsome Mark Stevens can afford to live or travel in luxury nowadays, he hasn't forgotten the times he slept on a bench in Central Park, New York, and on the sand at Long Beach (California) while he was still trying to win recognition as an actor.

For many years Mark's determination to succeed remained at a much higher level than his finances, which varied between good, bad, and indifferent, as he went from job to job.

MARK has striven hard to win his ultimate goal and has received many heart-breaking disappointments on the way.

Looking back from his present comfortable position as a long-term contract star with Twentieth Century-Fox with a large box office following, Mark can recall many dreary times in the past.

He admits that he could have avoided a lot of these if he had applied to his stepfather in Montreal for financial assistance which would have been given gladly.

"I'm just the stubborn type," he told me recently.

"My mother and stepfather didn't approve of my teen-age theatrical ambitions, so with youthful headiness I decided to show them that I was right."

"When I was sixteen I took the name of Stevens Richards (just reversing my real name), and I got a job with the Montreal Corona Barn Players."

"At that time I didn't concentrate exclusively on the theatre, but to please my mother and stepfather I tried to get business jobs."

"I was fired from, or left more jobs than most people have held because I am constitutionally unable to stick at anything in which I have no great interest."

"In 1938 I went to New York on the pretext of visiting relatives, but

with the private certainty that I was destined for Broadway."

"Alas for my high hopes. I couldn't even land a dish-washing chore. Finally, flat broke, I slept for several nights in the park, and literally starved."

"I had to give in and send my stepfather a collect wire for my fare home."

"After a few weeks' rest, the whole pattern of odd jobs started all over again."

"My attempt to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force was unsuccessful, and so was a later attempt in Chicago to join the United States Army Air Corps. The reason was an injury to my back following a car accident when I was a child."

"In June, 1943, I arrived in Hollywood."

"My small bankroll disappeared in less than a month, because I took a suite at an expensive hotel and visited all the night-clubs."

"I pawned my clothes, and looked round for a secluded spot to sleep at Long Beach."

"I hadn't succeeded in getting inside one casting office, and was just laughing at and told to go home."

"Then I remembered that I had met a couple of agents, Nat and Charlie Goldstone, who had seemed friendly."

"I called on the boys, and they promptly took me on the rounds of the studios. Fox, M.G.M., and Warners all agreed to give me a test."

"Warners offered me a contract, and when my good pals the agents realised how little money I had they advanced me enough to get clothes, living expenses, and a small car."

A small part in an Errol Flynn film, "Objective Burma," was given to Mark, but then he became almost the face on the cutting-room floor in "God Is My Co-pilot," and he refused the next "bit" part offered, which resulted in cancellation of his contract.

Finally, Rufus Le Maire, of Fox, signed Mark on a long-term contract, and he was given the lead in "Within These Walls."

His fans know the rest of his film story to date, with his splendid acting in "From This Day Forward" (on loan to R.K.O.), "The Dark Corner," "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "The Street With No Name," "The Snake Pit," and his latest film, the technicolor "Sand."

Stevens, who worked hard to get on top, knows that the money end of his career is better managed by others.

So his pretty wife, the brown-eyed blonde Annette Hayes, signs all the cheques in the Stevens family, and his manager handles the rest of his budget.

At present Mark is co-starring with William Powell in "Bandwagon," for Fox.



MARK STEVENS, who has starred in straight dramas and technicolor musicals since his Hollywood career began in 1944. This picture shows Mark at his home with his wife, Annette, and their young son, Mark, Jun.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★★ Johnny Belinda

HOLLYWOOD film producers are often blamed for their lack of subtlety in dealing with melodramatic stories, but in "Johnny Belinda" we see an object lesson in good taste from everyone concerned.

Basically the story deals with the tragic life of a deaf and dumb girl in a small fishing village, but the care which has been taken to avoid making it too drab, or, in reverse, too theatrical, gives it a poignancy and reality which cannot be faulted.

Most regular picture-goers will know that this Warners film is the one for which Jane Wyman won the recent Academy Award for her portrayal of the deaf and dumb girl Belinda, but it needs a personal visit to appreciate the sincerity of her superb acting.

I could list half a dozen scenes in which the expressiveness of the star's face speaks more convincingly than any dialogue.

In the days of silent films there were captions to emphasize the thoughts and actions of the players, but Miss Wyman, without sound or captions, depicts perfectly the thoughts and the warm heart of Belinda, during her drab girlhood, her awakening to kindness, her terror of her betrayer, and her protective love for her child.

It is worth while to recall some of the earlier roles played by Jane Wyman in "song and dance" films, and to contrast them with her present performance.

Such versatility is rare. Producer Jerry Wald has chosen his entire cast with meticulous care, and reaps a just reward.

Lew Ayres is the sympathetic doctor who befriends Belinda, Charles Bickford is her dour father who resents his daughter's affliction but is roused to pity and love for her, and Agnes Moorhead is her sharp-voiced aunt who comes to realise the depth of Belinda's tragedy.

In smaller roles Stephen McNally is the drunken fisherman who betrays Belinda, and Jan Sterling is his wife whose evidence clears Belinda of the charge of murder.

Director Jean Negulesco has combined cast and story perfectly, and the music arranged by Max Steiner is as haunting as the beautiful photography of Ted McCord, showing the life and surroundings of the little fishing village community.

This fine film is at the Regent.

★★ Act of Violence

To depict the sheer terror of a man trying to escape retribution for his sins as an informer during World War II gives Van Heflin a hefty task in "Act of Violence."

And yet Heflin as Frank Enley, with so much scope for a well-defined job, is not nearly as impressive as Robert Ryan, who plays the crippled soldier Joe Parkson—would-be killer of his former commanding officer.

Ryan makes Parkson really look like a person with an outsize hate fixation which has brought him close to madness.

Determined to kill Enley, who from cowardice betrayed him and his fellow prisoners of war to their Nazi guards, Parkson starts on a grim search.

The hunt takes him to a small American town, where he finds that the object of his hate has become a respected citizen, has married, and apparently forgotten his crime.

Up to this stage the film, directed by Fred Zinneman (of "The Search" fame), has a strong feeling of tension, mostly engendered by the fine acting of Ryan.

Once Enley discovers that he is being pursued the pace starts to falter, and the long cat-and-mouse game is side-tracked too much.

Enley leaves his wife and child in a vain hysterical attempt to escape the relentless pursuer, and he gets into the hands of a prostitute, a snide lawyer, and a professional killer.

Mary Astor, who hasn't had much film work of late, comes forward with an astonishingly good performance as the prostitute, Pat.

The horror of a devoted wife who discovers, through fear, the weakness of her husband's character is excellently shown by Janet Leigh.

This M.G.M. film is not for the younger members of the family, but it has a high place among recent melodramas.

It is at the St. James.

★★ A Yankee at King Arthur's Court

MARK TWAIN'S famous old fantasy "A Connecticut Yankee At the Court of King Arthur" now turns up again—with a shortened title—as a technicolor frolic led by Bing Crosby.

Whether the author would approve of the introduction of a number of songs, especially the one sung in modern night-club manner by Rhonda Fleming, is debatable.

Yet the film's most endearing moments come from a delicious song and dance sequence featuring Bing, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and William Bendix.

Crosby, nonchalant, likeable, happy-go-lucky, wanders through the part of the Yankee with his customary ease. He hasn't the rugged, home-spun quality of Will Rogers, who played the part in an earlier version, but he has his own natural pleasant personality.

In the long cast no one appears

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

to enjoy himself more than Sir Cedric Hardwicke (King Arthur), red technicolor nose, heavy cold (which he maintains through the film), frequent sneezes and all.

The sight of William Bendix ("The Brooklyn Orchid") in medieval dress should not be missed. He's the boastful Knight of the Round Table who captures and introduces Bing to King Arthur's Court, and later is made Bing's servant.

True to tradition, Rhonda Fleming looks pretty enough to go on the outside of a chocolate box.

All in all, "Yankee" is a gaily colored, good-humored bit of romantic nonsense played strictly for laughs.

It is at the Prince Edward.—A.B.

★★ The Accused

THE deadly influence of fear on the actions of a highly intelligent woman makes an original and gripping story in Paramount's drama "The Accused."

Producer Hal Wallis is one of the most astute of Hollywood's executives when it comes to planning a tense story, and he has chosen a fine all-round cast headed by Loretta Young, Robert Cummings, and Wendell Corey.

The transition of Loretta Young from a severely dressed, long-haired intellectual to a thoroughly feminine and well-turned-out romantic is part of the plan, though hidden fear is the background for most of her moods.

Opening scenes quickly establish the atmosphere of suspense, as we see Loretta Young stumbling along a road towards the city, carrying the horrible memory of the self-defence murder she has just committed.

She fights a continual battle against the fear of discovery—and in many sequences her thoughts take the place of normal dialogue. These scenes are done remarkably well by the star.

The student's guardian (Robert Cummings) and a police officer (Wendell Corey) are the first to suspect her, and the film works up to a splendid climax when the truth is discovered.

While Cummings produces his best acting for a long time, it is Wendell Corey who attracted my attention. He has much of the charm and habit of underplaying which marks the work of Robert Young.

The film is at the Victory.

I've tried them all.... but from now on it's

MUM

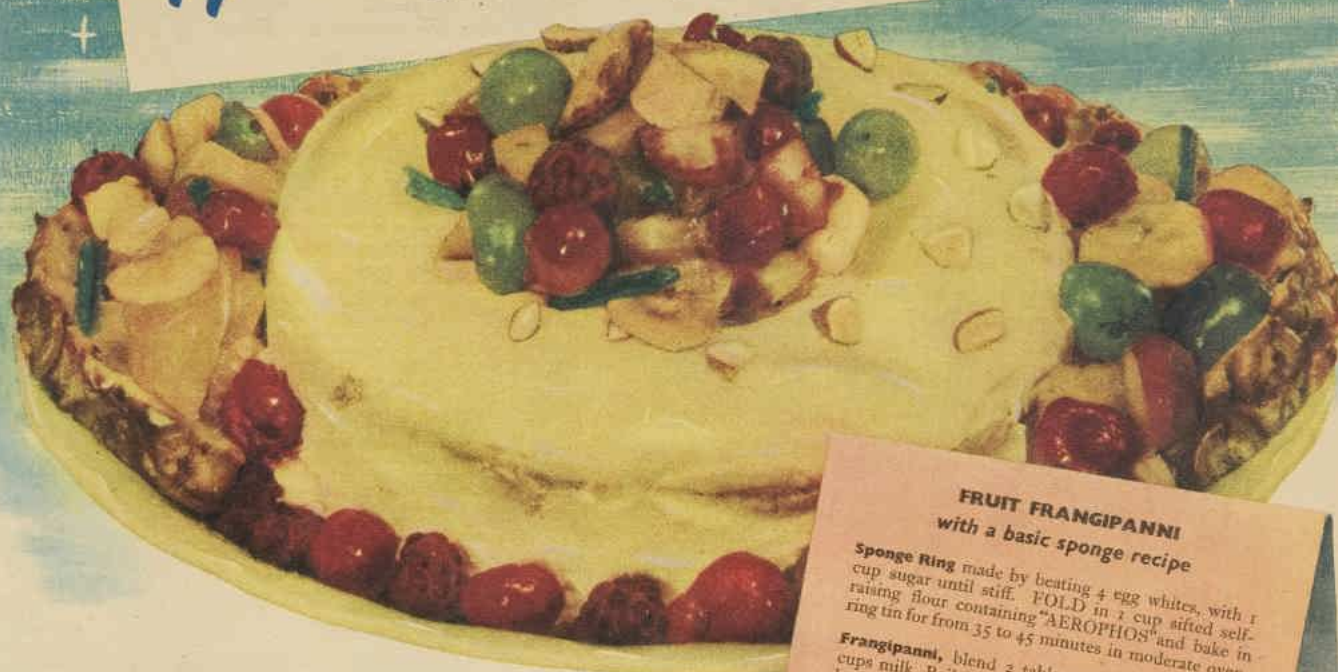
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Heavenly Creation

WITH A DOWN-TO-EARTH RECIPE
by Marjory Carter, Home Cookery Expert



The same basic sponge mixture makes these appetising and interesting variations



SWISS ROLL

Turn the mixture into a Swiss Roll tin and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Turn onto cloth dredged with sugar, snip off the edges, spread with jam and roll up quickly.



CHOCOLATE LOG

Bake as for Swiss Roll, cover with jam and almond paste. Roll into thick log and cover with rough chocolate butter icing, well flavoured with vanilla.



LADY FINGERS (or Children's Joy)

Pipe fingers of the basic sponge mixture onto a tin covered with kitchen paper. Bake 4 to 5 minutes in a hot oven. Damp the back of the paper when it will come away easily.

FRUIT FRANGIPANNI with a basic sponge recipe

Sponge Ring made by beating 4 egg whites, with 1 cup sugar until stiff. FOLD in 1 cup sifted self-raising flour containing "AEROPHOS" and bake in ring tin for from 35 to 45 minutes in moderate oven.

Frangipanni, blend 2 tablespoons of flour with 2 cups milk. Boil for three minutes. Pour onto 4 well beaten eggs and cook until custard loses "eggy" taste. Add 1 lb. chopped almonds and 1 tablespoon rum, sherry or other flavouring. Stir and add 2 ounces of butter which has been fried until light brown. Cool. Pour Frangipanni over sponge Ring, chill, and before serving fill centre with chopped fruit in season, well sugared.

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- 3 It is specially designed for Australian flours.
- 4 Its raising qualities are not affected by allowing the mixture to stand before it is placed in the oven.

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Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-

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Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



1 **SCUTTLED** by design of its ruthless Captain Ralls (John Wayne), the sailing ship Red Witch is lost at sea. Sinking is result of long feud between Ralls and Dutch ship owner Sidneye (Luther Adler).



2 **RIVALRY** between Ralls and Sidneye began seven years before when they met on Polynesian island to plot stealing of pearl collection owned by native chief.

DRAMA OF THE SEA



WAKE OF THE RED WITCH

CHARLAND ROARK'S best-selling novel, "Wake of the Red Witch," has been called the lustiest sea story since "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Republic has filmed the novel. The roles of the two leading characters, whose relentless greed for money makes them bitter enemies but forces them to work together, are played by John Wayne and Luther Adler.

A long cast includes Gail Russell, Adele Mara, Gig Young, and Henry Daniell. The screen play is by Harry Brown and Kenneth Gamet.

3 **ROMANCE** between Ralls and French girl Angelique (Gail Russell) rouses enmity of Sidneye, her second suitor.



4 **CRIPPLED** by rare tropical disease, Sidneye discovers that Angelique, who also becomes ill, wants to marry Ralls.



5 **HOAXING** of the native chief enables Ralls to obtain possession of pearls and he leaves island after death of Angelique. His return seven years later concerns his lost ship, which contains bullion.



6 **DESPERATE** with greed, Sidneye promises to forget old rivalry if Ralls will salvage Red Witch and share fortune. In attempt to reach bullion Ralls is killed.

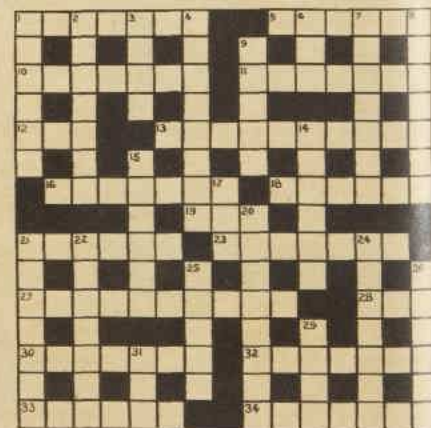
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 44

ACROSS

- The other will not make head nor tail of the vegetable (7).
- One of the reckless folk got annoyed with the topping costume! (6).
- Without capital he will become more indolent, the putty-fingers! (7).
- Grace answers if a fellow inquires, "What are flying mice?" (7).
- Spot cash for a portion. (3).
- At the Blue Nile's source you will find him in one before a chase opens (10).
- Eloquence in the 18th century House of Commons from either a Whig... (7).
- A part for each (6).
- Electricity particle (3).
- The spirit in which a wheel "sooth is able to turn" (6).
- Recount the tax before it is run up, as in the past (7).
- May be a 13 soldier, the scoundrel (10).
- Alas, but why take each (3).
- Alas, Rom! For a change the nag didn't win (4, 3).
- The lithe and slender crafty take in the humble (making them weepy?) (7).
- Jack, put your name to it! (6).
- I had put in a marine plunger separator (7).

DOWN

- Father is familiar with the deity before a temple (6).
- Betrayer, as a characteristic feature, gets gold (7).
- Ireland (4).
- You'll catch it if you don't eat up your Vitamin B (with rising anger if we start to be repetitive). (8).
- What was near to Hogarth's heart? (3).
- Garbage receptable income to bring into union (7).
- Penny, Penny, an interval punishment is an expression of contrition (7).
- Robe seam that hides the corpulent (3).
- Make known this child's pet at six (6).
- Return thanks on the nail a small thing to fall upon (8).
- The canyon finishes over there (5).
- How the river flowed when exploded boats are propelled so contracted (8).
- Vegetable Sab scattered in the aviary (7).
- Help the short-sighted girls to finish (7).
- Your Dior get-up may give you a pain in the neck! (7).
- Tom took a wide-eyed peep at you, crudely! (6).
- Unfinished value moving around in a race (4).
- How to dress ship? (3).
- £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 44 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4033W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close June 10, prizes and solution in issue of July 2.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST, No. 40

ACROSS: 1—Clap-trap. 5—Pawna. 9—Tuber. 10—Vic-to-rice (anag. rain). 11—Em-me-line. 12—Desire (hidden). 13—Re-nowned. 14—Jugged. 16—Dub. 20—Lad-die. 22—Dire-ctly. 24—Backer. 25—Cloister. 28—Br-i-c-a-b-rac. 29—Genna (Athen turned). 30—Lee/c/h. 31—Initials (anag.)

DOWN: 1—Cathedral (anag.). 2—Album-en. 3—Tyrol (hidden). 4—Ad-vance/d. 6—Frost-cuts. 8—Whiting. 7—Sense. 8—Int. 14—White-wash. 15—Dud. 17—Daydreams (anag.). 19—Bully-can. 21—Dece-ive. 23—Titania. 24—H-abel. 26—In-set. 27—Cry.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 40.—£10 to Mrs. Elard Jones, Beach St., Crown, Phillip Island, Vic. £5 to Mrs. E. Norden, 10 Allamby Crescent, Yalburn, Vic. £2 to Mrs. E. Sellsack, 8A Arden St., Waverley, N.S.W.



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why

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The modern woman, living as she does an almost non-stop existence, demands TRUE relief whenever pain comes. She must have a pain reliever which not only acts quickly but does not have after-effects which prevent her from going about things as usual—after-effects such as dizziness, depression or "slowing-up"; or sometimes harm to the system.

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- NO SLOWING-UP
- NO HAZINESS
- NO HARM TO HEART OR STOMACH

THE SAFE WAY TO RELIEVE HEADACHE & PAIN

Nicholas Product

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

WINTER fashion note: Classic suits in men's wear worsteds are given a dressmaker character by unusual pocket and collar details.

Classic suit

"COULD you please tell me if men's suiting would be correct material for a costume for a woman of 38 years? The suit length was given me by a friend. I do not like a sloped shoulder, but would a square line look old-fashioned? I hope you will design a style, plain, but with some nice little detail."

Small-patterned men's wear worsteds are popular for women's suits and lend themselves well to classic tailoring. Hip and pocket detail or novel collar treatment breaks the long, slim lines on jackets, and gives fashion value. Set-in sleeves with light padding to hold the line of the suit, without exaggerating the shoulders, are correct. The design I have chosen is sketched on this page and is styled on slim lines, with double-flap pockets to add a distinctive touch on the three-buttoned jacket.

Feels a frump

"AT 40-odd, my family, now grown up, seem to look upon me as an old frump. Do you think a woman of my years is stupid to worry about appearance? I buy my clothes ready-made, but they never quite fit. I am now a little bigger than my former size. I suppose my figure has altered with the years."

Forty-odd is far too young to take a back seat, fashionably speaking, or in any other way. I'm quite sure your family would be delighted to see you looking smart and attractive, and would respect your efforts to achieve that attraction. My advice is to take as much time over your appearance as possible, and squeeze as much money from your budget as can be spared for clothes, cosmetics, etc. Go to a good hair-dresser and have a new "hair-do"; it often works wonders, and is just as important to morale as clothes. If it is humanly possible, have your clothes made to measure. You will find this good buying, as you have outgrown your size range. Unfortunately, you give no clue to your figure proportions and coloring. However, you won't go far wrong in tailored suits and dresses designed on good, clean, uncluttered lines made in colors to flatter your eyes and hair.

Frock for spring

"AS part of my trousseau for my wedding in the spring I want to make a printed silk afternoon dress, but I am not sure of the new spring fashions, length of skirt, or colors to buy."

For spring and summer there will be a preference for white-ground prints and one color and white combinations. I advise you to have your dress simply styled with an easy flared skirt, nipped-in waist, soft shoulder-line, and abbreviated sleeves—leaving most of the attention to be attracted by the fabric. Have the skirt length 14in. from the ground.

Waistcoat for contrast

"WOULD you help me with a fashion problem? I want an unusual winter ensemble, introducing some new color contrast; and a dress and jacket doesn't seem to quite fit the bill. I am 24, with just an average figure."

Why not have a dress and waistcoat ensemble? It would be unusual, and a new and smart way to introduce color contrast. Have the dress made in navy wool jersey and the waistcoat in a lilac tweed. Navy and lilac is real color news. Style the dress with a high-to-the-neck bodice finished with a small turned-down collar and pert bow. Have a



DOUBLE-FLAP POCKETS add a distinctive touch to this tailored suit of smooth worsted.

smooth shoulder-line and long sleeves. The skirt could be made in shaped gores starting to flare gradually from about four inches below the natural waistline.

Snow outfit

"AS I am to have my first snow sports holiday, I would be grateful if you could tell me what to buy. I cannot spend a great deal, but I do want to be correctly dressed."

The most important part of your holiday wardrobe is a ski suit. Whether you buy it ready-made, or have it made to measure, it should be in a flat-surfaced, rain-proofed material—gabardine or poplin would be perfect. The suit must be skilfully cut to eliminate bulkiness and ensure comfort. The best head covering is a hood, so have one attached to the jacket of the ski suit. Navy-blue, black, beige, and dark grey are the smartest colors on the slopes. As you are a novice, don't wear a woollen pullover without your water-proof jacket, because you are sure to have spills, and wool is a great snow collector. You will need gloves, preferably of lined leather, because they shed water best. If you intend buying ski boots (at most resorts they can be rented), buy the best on the market, but consult a professional before doing so. For after-skiing you will need a pair of velveteen slacks and a bright shirt or sweater, plus warm, comfortable shoes. If you would like something more fancy, I recommend a gaily colored plaid skirt cut full and rather on the short side, worn with a white wool cardigan trimmed with peasant-type embroidery.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Middle Age NERVES

Many people after passing 40 find the strain of modern life almost too much. Frayed nerves, bad temper, listless, inclined to brood over troubles. It is natural that in middle and later life the nerves, in fact the whole system, need some help. That is why thousands turn to WINCARNIS, the marvellous recuperative tonic which strengthens the nerves and peeps up the system, restoring normal good health and joy of living. WINCARNIS is a blending of rich, full-bodied, selected wines with extra fortifying elements. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men have proved WINCARNIS a tonic of extraordinary recuperative powers. Ask your Chemist for WINCARNIS... the Wine of Life.

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Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"ESTELLE."—Topper coat has back flare, collar, and large twin pockets. The material is a heavy wool coating in mid-grey. The coat is lined.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 56/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage, 1/9 extra.

"FAMELA."—A pretty blouse obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, and pink, or in a fine Irish linen in white, pale blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Ready To Wear: (Crepe-de-chine). Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/9. Postage, 10d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 23/9. Postage, 10d. extra.

Ready To Wear: (Linen). Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/9. Postage, 10d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/1. Postage, 10d. extra.

"BARBARA."—An attractive suit has the current nipped waist and back fullness. The material is a spun check-like material in ink-blue, crushed-strawberry, and a mottled deep rose. Jacket is lined.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 83/6. Postage, 2/3 extra.

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* Please make second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

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Fashion FROCKS



Trifles that are important . . .

● Fashion flashes from Paris and New York show ingenuity in all sorts of detail for giving a glamor touch to simple frocks. They range from wearing artificial flowers growing out of pockets to one colored thumb in a pair of black gloves.

"FUN" accessories by American Elizabeth Hawes include a bright green thumb, on one hand only, of a pair of black suede shorties and a heart-shaped jelly mould in copper ornamenting a heart-shaped brown suede drawstring bag. She makes an evening belt of green velvet, lined with scarlet, and has the four long ends, which fall down the front of the frock, tipped with a club, a heart, a spade, and a diamond.

WATCH for hand-crocheted white bead bags here next spring. At Palm Springs, California, they are having a terrific boom. Smartest users ally them with chalk-white beads, white ear-rings, and white scatterpins.

NEWEST place to wear artificial flowers is growing out of one of the huge pockets, becoming more and more an essential part of today's frocks and suits.

BEIGE-INTO-BROWN tones so much featured in Paris collections are fast becoming favorites in America for lingerie. Slips and half-slips, girdles, and brassieres are of this coloring.

WITH the low-cut, very open neckline wear an important bib-type necklace, carried to its ultimate in sophistication by Charles Moutagne, of Paris, who makes a whole mantilla of seed pearls which falls over the shoulders and décolletage.

WHEN you wear scatterpins in your hair they are called scatterbrettes.

NOVEL belt ideas come from Parisian couturiers Maggy Rouff and Carven. Rouff has natural-colored straw crocheted into a fish net to cover black patent leather, and Carven cuts her belt ends into arrowheads tipped with gold.

A HAWAIIAN colored-print frock called a muu-muu (pronounced moo-moo) is a modern version of the old Mother Hubbard, a loose, full frock falling straight from a brief yoke, and is predicted as next craze for American teen-agers for lounging, week-end visits, or informal parties.

NEATNESS in handbags is paramount. One of the best in Paris is by Roger Model. It is of pale tan calf, about the size and shape of an office foolscap envelope. Inside it has three pockets, and it is fastened with two gold collar-studs.

THE lingerie look is more news than ever, especially white crochet edging on navy-blue afternoon frocks.

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by CASHMERE BOUQUET

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BEAUTY IN THE HANDS

WELL-CARED-FOR HANDS are always an asset, though they may not conform to beauty standards. Both manicure and exercise are essentials of hand beauty.

- Well-shaped, straight-fingered, supple hands, slender and carefully manicured, are the accepted standard of hand beauty, but clean and well-kept hands can score a point.

HAND beauty may depend to a certain extent on the general health, and some disfigurements cannot be removed until the physical cause is dealt with.

Prominent veins on the backs of the hands and perspiration are often the effects of internal disorders, and medical advice should be sought.

Veins that "come up" quite often indicate poor circulation, and usually show great improvement after a few daily hand exercises.

Tight sleeves, or cuffs that are too close fitting, sometimes tend to retard the blood circulation, and as a result the veins become clogged.

When the hands show veins prominently, try keeping them in an upward position as much as possible. Sitting in an armchair, rest first on one elbow, then the other, on the arm rests for some minutes, perhaps touching the cheek with the fingers.

Alternately, rest the right elbow on the chair arm, clasp the fingers of the left hand loosely and in such a way that the blood can run away from the left hand, leaving it paler in color; later reverse the position.

Hands that perspire more than normally are disagreeable and embarrassing. Of course, any hands are likely to perspire through sudden nervousness or shock, or on a steamy day, but that is nothing to be concerned about.

People who have damp hands constantly can often change their food habits with advantage.

Too much protein in the diet often results in clammy hands, so try cutting by half the amount of animal protein foods eaten.

Damp hands can also arise from a cause which is simpler to control. If a strong underarm perspiration check is used to eliminate too free perspiration, the excess must be passed off elsewhere, and so the hands may become excessively damp.

If this is found to be the cause of clammy hands, a better plan is to use dress shields in clothing, and a medicated underarm powder.

Some doctors recommend a 24 per cent. solution of aluminium chloride, at least as a temporary perspiration relief. Swab it on the hands with dabs of cotton-wool, and allow to dry.

A little extra care externally, plus a slight boost for circulation, is indicated where such conditions as the following appear:

"Sandpaper" or "goose-bumps" on the skin—frequently a problem of young people. Actually this item just sneaks into the discussion because it is by no means limited to hands, often appearing just above the elbow and on parts of the legs.

Treatment remains the same wherever the bumps occur, and usually they respond nicely to daily scrubbing with warm water and a soaped brush, followed by a touch of cream or lotion. Don't forget localised exercise to step up the blood flow.

Rough, dry patches on the hands, and sometimes arms, usually are due to weather-beating. A little olive, or mineral, oil, or even skin food, rubbed in gently at night, and protection during the day with a covering of foundation cream or hand lotion will help clear them up.

That faithful standby, lemon juice, is always a safe, mild bleach for slight discolorations on the backs or stains on fingertips and knuckles. Rub the liquid on and allow to dry.

Keep a fresh-cut lemon handy when preparing fruits and vegetables; rub it over the fingers immediately the job is finished, thus reducing the possibility of staining.

Gloves are always mentioned in the same sentence with tenderness and chapping, and they're a winter-time must for all out-of-doors activities or car driving to sidestep a raw, red look.

Even though you may not particularly care for rubber gloves, tolerate them during work periods when hot water or strong cleansers are used. Dash a generous sprinkle of talcum powder on the hands before putting the gloves on to make them more acceptable. Other times have a pair of cotton gloves that can be washed out frequently.

If hands are thin and clawlike, try general fattening up. Massage daily with cream, oil, or the cocoa butter type of preparation, and exercise them.

Opening and closing the fists and forcible separation of the fingers are two simple ones to start with.

For brown spots, the so-called permanent freckles that appear on mature hands, the best bet is to use a mild bleach and a cover-up cream.

If they are unattractively blotched or discolored make up with a good powder base just as you would do the face, patting powder over the base to blend freckles or spots out of prominence.



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CASSEROLE OF MINCE AND KRAFT CHEESE KEDGEREE

6 ozs. shredded Kraft Cheese, 2 cups cooked mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced left-over steak, 1 onion, 4 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, few shakes pepper, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Dice onion, slice tomatoes, heat dripping in casserole. Fry onion lightly, add flour and brown well. Add stock and bring to simmering point. Season with salt and pepper, parsley and Worcestershire Sauce. Remove from heat and add meat, potatoes, half of cheese and tomato, reserving slices of tomato for garnish. Place in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Just before serving, remove from the oven and place a layer of tomato slices along centre of dish. Arrange remaining cheese around the tomato and re-heat for a few minutes. Serves 6.

IMPORTANT. To keep that true cheddar flavour in your cooked cheese dishes, be sure to use *Kraft* Cheese—it melts smoothly and, because it's *blended better*, its mellow flavour is always the same.

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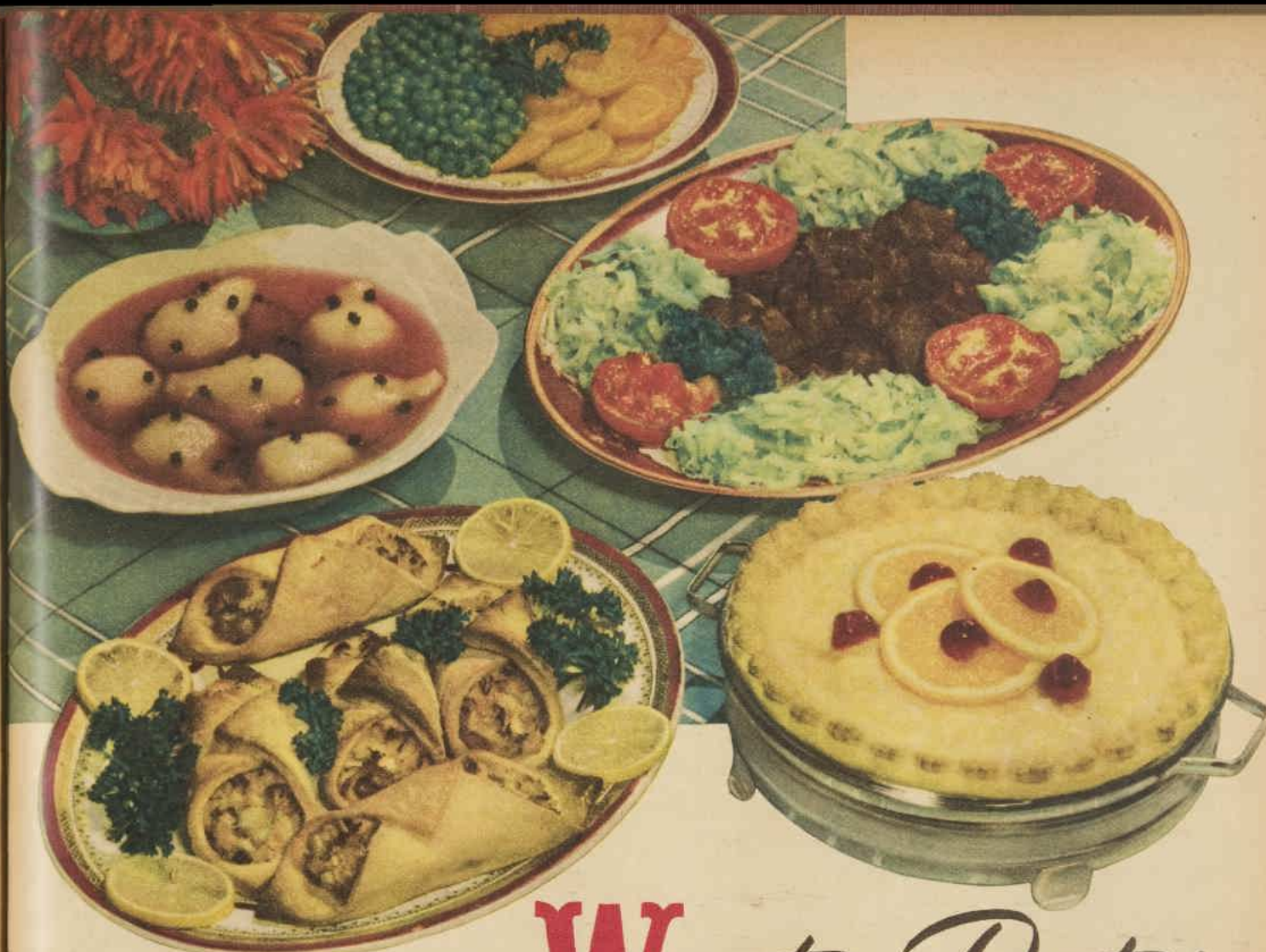
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ALWAYS FRESH!



KRAFT CHEESE

it tastes better because

it's BLENDED BETTER



CAPE COD PASTIES, peas, carrot slices, and hot pears in ruby syrup make a good two-course dinner for a cold night. Sautéed veal creole, with tomatoes and shredded cabbage, and golden fluff pie is an equally good menu. See detailed recipes on this page.

Winter Pastries

● Main course dishes of meat, fish, or vegetable, combined with pastry, should be followed by a light sweet.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

SIMILARLY, sweet pies or tarts should be preceded by a meat or fish dish with low carbohydrate content.

Two pastry dishes should never be served on the one menu.

If preferred, a meat mixture may be substituted for the fish filling in cape cod pasties—the filling would need to be sufficiently firm to remain in position during cooking.

Shortcrust, the most easily prepared of all pastries, is used in the majority of home-cooked pies and tarts.

Biscuit pastry makes a delicious casing for sweet tarts or tartlets, but shortcrust is equally good, especially when the dish is to be served hot.

Accurate measuring, light mixing, and baking in a hot oven are the essentials for good pastry.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

CAPE COD PASTIES

Pastry: Four ounces plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. good shortening, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 to 3 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice. Sift flours with salt, rub in short-

ening, add lemon rind. Mix to dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut into 4½ in. squares; prepare filling.

Filling: Half to ¾ lb. smoked cod fillets, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, squeeze lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper if desired, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Place fish in cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to boil, simmer until soft. Drain and flake. Mix with all other ingredients.

Spoon fish mixture—about 1 tablespoonful at a time—on to pastry squares previously brushed with milk or water. Overlap diagonal corners of pastry, pressing lightly on to filling and first moistening edges of pastry to keep them in position during cooking. Glaze with water or milk. Place on flat tray. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with lemon and parsley.

GOLDEN FLUFF PIE

One cooked 7½ in. pastry case (shortcrust or biscuit pastry), 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons

flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon each grated orange and lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, orange slices and cherries to decorate.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until mixture boils. Cool slightly, add egg-yolk beaten with sugar, orange and lemon rinds. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil. Fold in orange and lemon juice and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry case. Return to oven until pastry and filling are thoroughly reheated. Decorate with orange slices and cherries. Serve hot.

APPLE AMBER PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 cups cooked apple pulp (drained free of syrup), 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch powdered cloves, 6 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, 1 extra tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Beat margarine or butter, golden syrup, lemon rind, and powdered cloves into apple pulp. Roll pastry thinly, line 7½ in. tart-plate. Spread apple mixture evenly over base. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a smooth thick batter with beaten egg and milk. Pour over apple mixture. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 5 minutes, reduce heat to 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric, cook 12 to 15 minutes longer. Serve piping hot.

CORNISH PIE

Half pound blade steak, 1 cup water or stock, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup each diced swede, celery, and potato, 8oz. shortcrust pastry.

Cut steak into small cubes, place in pan with water or stock and salt. Cover closely, simmer gently until meat is tender. Blend flour with a little extra water, stir into meat. When boiling fold in prepared vegetables, simmer over low heat until vegetables are soft. Divide pastry into 2 portions, roll each to fit 8 in. tart-plate. Line plate with one portion, fill with meat and vegetable mixture. Moisten edges of pastry, place balance of pastry on top. Press edges well together, or pinch a frill around edge. Cut 2 slits in top of pastry, brush with water or milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Pie may be covered with double layer of brown paper for last 5 minutes' cooking time to prevent excess browning. Serve in wedges.

PEARS IN RUBY SYRUP

Six pear halves (peeled and cored), 1½ cups water, ½ cup sugar, 2 thin strips lemon rind, cloves, red coloring.

Place sugar and water in saucepan with lemon rind. Bring to boil, add pear halves studded with cloves. Cover, simmer very gently until pears are soft. Lift carefully into serving dish. Remove lemon rind, color syrup red and pour over pears.

SAUTÉED VEAL CREOLE

One and a half pounds veal steak (or beef, if preferred), 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, ½ teaspoon horse-radish sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, parsley.

Cut steak into 1½ in. cubes. Brown well in hot fat. Remove meat from pan. Add flour and brown lightly. Stir in all other ingredients (except parsley), continue stirring until boiling. Add meat, cover, simmer gently 45 to 50 minutes or until meat is tender—allow longer time for beef steak. Or may be cooked in covered casserole in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve hot with shredded cooked cabbage and baked or grilled tomato halves.

DOUBLE CRUST LIVER AND BACON PIES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups finely chopped cooked liver, 2 rashers diced bacon, 1 cup thick brown gravy (from cooked liver), 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Roll shortcrust thinly, cut half into circles sufficiently large to line small pie-tins. Cut an equal number of smaller circles for tops. Combine all other ingredients, fill into lined pie-tins. Moisten edges of pastry, place tops on, pinch edges together. Brush with milk. Place pie-tins on flat oven-tray, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.



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SLICED luncheon meat (cold or tinned), dipped in pancake batter and cooked in the same manner as pancakes, makes a delicious and unusual luncheon dish for winter. Serve hot with a garnish of tomato wedges.

DELICIOUS and easily prepared sweet is freshly made cinnamon cake, still hot, topped with cooked pear halves, also hot, and coated with thick caramel sauce. Serve with custard.



READERS' RECIPES . . . to brighten home menus

● A delicious way to serve sheep's tongues, or ox tongue, is described in the recipe that wins a prize of £10 in our weekly contest.

ADDED flavor is given if the tongues are cooked with two or three slices of onion, a thin piece of lemon rind, one or two cloves, and peppercorns.

This page is still reserved for readers' recipes, for which a £10 prize is awarded weekly.

Enter, as well, our great £3000 cookery contest, conditions for which are published on page 36.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

SAVORY TONGUE WITH ALMOND SAUCE

Four to 6 cooked sheep's tongues, or 1 cooked ox tongue, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 medium onion, 3 medium tomatoes (skinned if desired), 2 tablespoons chopped olives, 12 blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 cup tongue stock, 4 or 5 tablespoons fine white bread-crumbs, capers to taste.

Peel and slice tongues while still hot. Keep hot while preparing sauce. Peel onion, chop finely, brown lightly in melted margarine or butter. Put almonds through mincer, and add together with chopped tomatoes, olives, mustard, and tongue stock. Simmer 10 minutes. Add crumbs, parsley, and capers to taste. Pour over and around sliced tongue, serve piping hot.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. M. Douglas, Louis St., Annerley, Qld.

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE LOG

Half-pound plain biscuits, 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, raspberry jam, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 5 tablespoons powdered milk, few extra drops vanilla, chopped walnuts.

Crush biscuits to fine crumbs with rolling pin. Place in basin, add condensed milk, lemon juice, and vanilla. Mix to a firm, stiff paste. Turn on to paper dusted with sifted icing sugar. Coat rolling pin with icing sugar and roll biscuit paste to an oblong sheet about 1 in. thick. Spread lightly with raspberry jam or chopped mixed fruits. Roll carefully as for Swiss roll. Chill in ice-chest or refrigerator until quite firm. Prepare icing.

Chocolate icing: Dissolve sugar thoroughly in boiling water. Add

sifted cocoa, beat until smooth. Gradually work in powdered milk and vanilla, beat with wooden spoon until very smooth. Spread over top and sides of roll, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Cut into slices with very sharp knife before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. H. Davey, 803 Ligar St., Ballarat, Vic.

CARROT PLUM PUDDING

Four ounces grated carrot, 4oz. wholemeal breadcrumbs, 4oz. finely shredded suet, 4oz. flour, 2oz. currants, 2oz. chopped raisins (or omit currants and include 2oz. sultanas), 1oz. shredded peel, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Mix carrot, crumbs, suet, flour, fruit, peel well together. Add lemon rind. Dissolve treacle in milk (slightly warmed), add soda, and stir quickly into mixture. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, steam 2 to 2½ hours. Serve hot with orange sauce.

Orange Sauce: Blend 2 level dessertspoons arrowroot with 1½ cups water. Add ½ cup sugar, 1 cup strained orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Stir until boiling, add pinch salt and 1 teaspoon butter. Simmer 3 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, 14 Fairfax Terrace, New Mile End, S.A.

CHOKO PICKLES

Eight medium-size chokoes, 2lb. onions, 2 quarts vinegar, 1oz. allspice, 1oz. peppercorns, 2oz. ground ginger, 2lb. brown sugar, 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 2 dessertspoons dry mustard, 1 cup flour.

Wash chokoes, leave unpeeled, cut into cubes. Peel and slice onions. Place in large bowl, sprinkle well with salt, stand aside 24 hours. Place vinegar into large enamel-lined preserving-pan with allspice, peppercorns, ginger (all three tied in clean muslin), and sugar. Bring to boil, add chokoes and onions. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes until vegetables are soft. Blend curry powder, mustard, and flour to a smooth thick paste with extra vinegar. Stir into vegetables (do not use metal spoon), continue stirring until boiling. Simmer gently 5 to 10 minutes longer. Fill into clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. S. Wilson, 47 Plunkett St., Nowra, N.S.W.

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GARDEN ROCKERIES and some lovely gums surround the home of Mr. P. H. Bond at Castlecrag, N.S.W. House of white bon-coated brick, with a brown-tiled roof, stands on a steep hill overlooking the harbor.

Attractive harborside home



CORNER VIEW of living-room shows the polished maple built-in bookcase and mantel-shelf. Walls are of palest apple-green, and the tapestry lounge has a beige background. Indian rug is jade-green, and drapes in living-room are of green and beige patterned chintz.

RECENTLY BUILT home of Mr. P. H. Bond at Castlecrag, N.S.W., commands views of the upper reaches of Sydney Harbor.

Constructed of white bon-coated brick, with a brown tiled roof, the house has an easterly aspect, and is built on land with a steep fall.

The floor area is the maximum permissible, 1250 square feet, but the plan allows for the addition of two more bedrooms and another bathroom. A temporary wall between the two existing bedrooms will be removed later, and a large main bedroom and a dressing-room built.

Mr. Bond also plans to make a "rumpus" room of the lower level area below the living-room.

Floor-to-ceiling plate-glass windows and door take up most of the harbor side of the long living-room and dining area. The doors open on to a white-railed verandah.

Floors throughout are parquet, and the three bedrooms have complete dressing-table and wardrobe units built in.

The natural rockiness of the soil at Castlecrag made it possible for the sandstone used for flagstones, garden rockeries, and a six-foot retaining wall to be obtained from the home site.

Now is the time for planting roses

• Any time from now until early August is rose-planting time, as during the coldest months the plants are more or less dormant and the wood ripe—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

IN recent years many ill-advised nurserymen have lifted green, growing roses, stripped them of their foliage, cut them back, and offered them for sale long before they were in fit condition.

Losses each year have been heavy because the shocks administered were too severe, and, followed by amateurish handling, they shrivelled, withered, and died. Roses, therefore, should be hard, well asleep, and healthy before being bought for the garden, and this rarely happens before late June or July.

Assuming that the roses are dormant, have been skillfully wrapped by nurserymen, and likely to withstand some days of storage in a shop or during transit, they can be planted now or whenever you can buy them before the first or second week in August.

As soon as the plants arrive from the nursery remove them from their wrappings and place them in a tub or bucket full of water for several hours to plump up. Have the holes dug well in advance, and fill them with water several times to drain.

Dig holes that are bigger than actually needed in soil that has been dug over well some weeks previously and allowed to settle. Preparation need not be carried to extravagant lengths, for roses will tolerate ordinary conditions, but generally they deteriorate after several seasons if the ground has not been deeply and thoroughly prepared for them.

If the soil needs feeding, use only the oldest manure possible. Cow manure is best for sandy loams, and decayed horse manure for heavier soils. If neither can be obtained, give the ground a good dressing of bone dust, which will become avail-

able slowly over a considerable period.

Build up a slight dome of soil at the bottom of each hole and spread the roots over and downwards as naturally as possible. Fill in with good soil, firm well, and leave a saucer-shaped depression on the surface to hold water—and water thoroughly.

The secrets of successful rose-planting are: to do it when shrubs are in good condition, to keep the roots from drying out while being handled; and to tramp the ground firmly around the plant to make the roots secure in the soil.

Water regularly after planting, and if any withering or shrivelling of the green wood is noticed, remove them from the ground and stand in water to plump up—then replant.

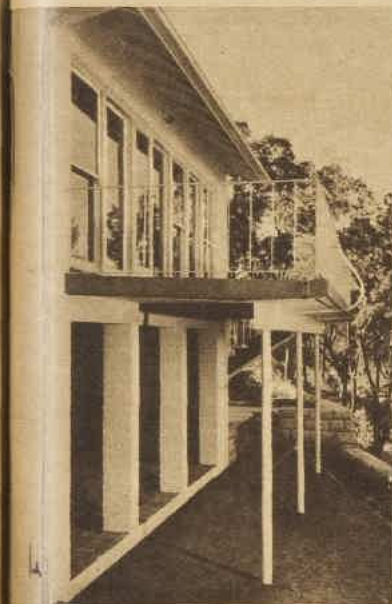
Rose bushes are mostly pruned before being sold, but not always to the shape the gardener requires. They should be cut back to out-pointing nodes and made ship-shape before being set out. Any broken roots should be cut away above the injured part.



SEPARATING dining and lounge areas is a built-in cocktail-and-china cabinet joining, at a right angle, the sideboard. Wood is polished maple to match tables and chairs. Mirrors are bronze-fitted, to tone down reflected glare. Lighting is indirect.



HARBOR view is seen through open front door. Old-fashioned Hoya vine is attractive against the white wall. House has parquet floors throughout, which in lounge and dining rooms are overlaid with jade-green and mushroom Indian rugs.



OUTSIDE VIEW (left) showing living-room doors, terrace verandah, and portion of outside staircase. Open area under living-room remains uncompleted, due to luxury building restrictions, but is planned to be finished later as a rumpus-room. Above: Looking out on the harbor from another corner of the living-room.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

KEEP an old-fashioned nutcracker handy in the kitchen and use it for unscrewing obstinate caps as well as cracking nuts.



AERATED DRINK will remain "fizzy" for six hours after bottle is opened if a match is placed across the top of the bottle.

CAR grease or oil can be removed from washable clothing by rubbing with a piece of clean hard dripping and later washing with warm suds.

NOW that winter is here keep a piece of art gum on hand to remove footmarks from light-colored rugs.

THE best way to clean a mincer is to put some stale bread through it. This collects grease and fat from the small knives.

PAINT spots may be removed from leather by rubbing with the dampened head of a safety match.

TO remove the odor from a frying-pan after it has been used for fish or onions, put a handful of salt in it and return to stove until salt is well heated.

BEFORE washing flimsy nets or laces fold them into small shapes and keep them thus all through the laundering. This will save tears and keep them straight.

WHEN separating the yolk from the white of an egg, prick a small hole in the shell with a needle, so that the white will pour off easily and the yolk can be left in its natural container to be stored in the refrigerator.

DAILY PRE-NATAL EXERCISE

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

OPEN - AIR exercise and daily walks are a necessary part of the daily routine throughout pregnancy.

The expectant mother should walk briskly, holding herself erect, and should not carry awkward bundles or heavy weights when shopping.

Household jobs are good exercise when the body is used correctly for exercise whilst doing them.

Special exercises which teach you control of the abdominal and other muscles used during the birth of your baby are of inestimable value to you when they are done properly and regularly, but a doctor should be consulted before doing them.

All forms of exercise need to be done with care and common-sense, as any exercise carried to the point of fatigue may be injurious.

Special pre-natal exercises (as well as post-natal ones) are clearly illustrated and described in our recently published book, "You and Your Baby." Copies of this can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration three pence extra).

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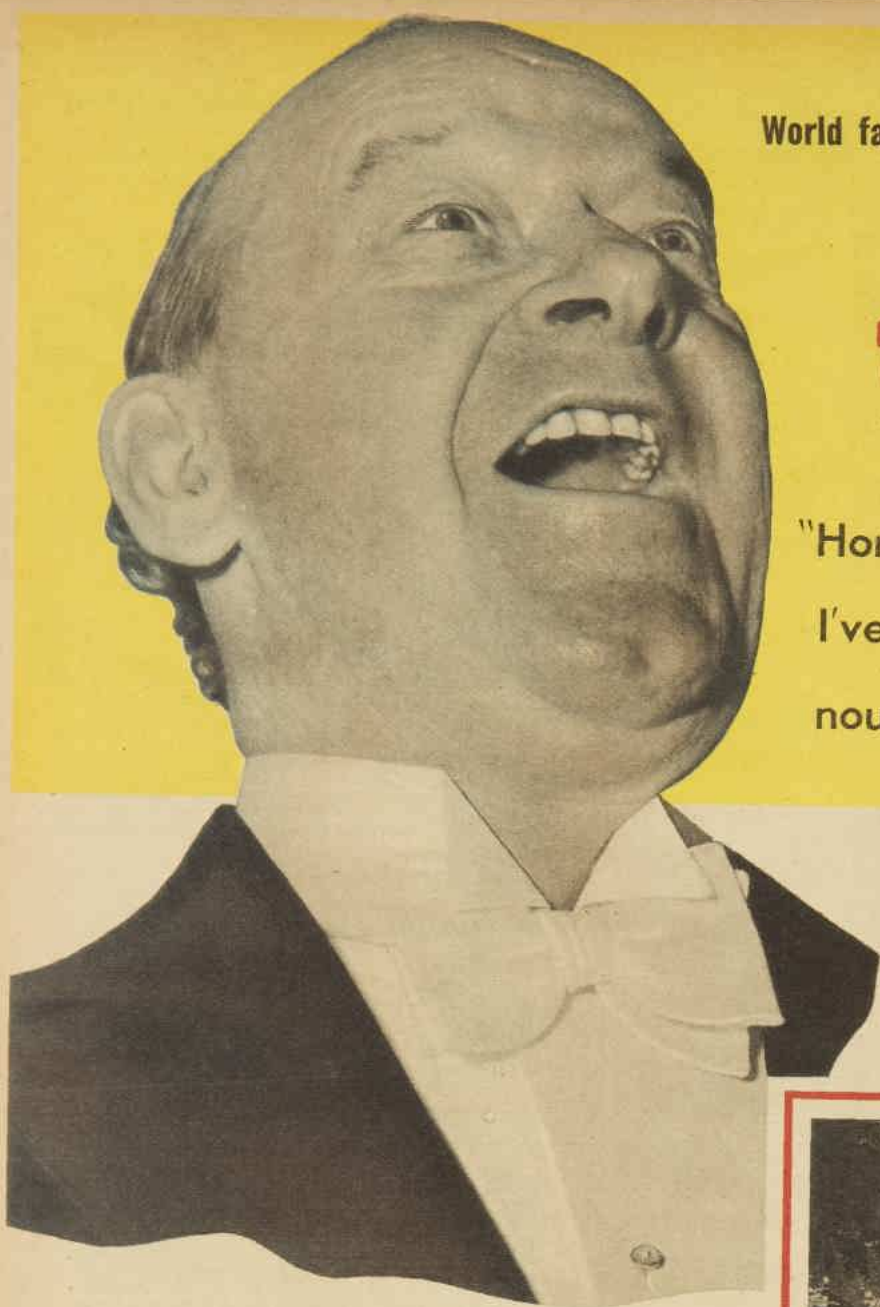
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3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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says:

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nourishing of all food drinks."

Peter Dawson is not only a record maker—but a record breaker as well! He has recorded no less than 2,500 different songs, and he holds the record for largest sale of gramophone records of any artist. Peter is also the composer of those two fine songs, "Boots" and "Land o' Mine".



Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit—all the time."

Just like Peter Dawson, you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Hor-

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licks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

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The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks.

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After Horlicks you wake refreshed—ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against "Night Starvation". Equally delicious hot or cold.



Even when he's relaxing at home, Peter works hard in his garden. "I'm always on the go," he says, "that's why I'm so keen about Horlicks. It keeps my energy right up."



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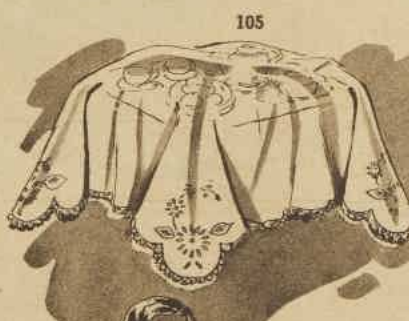
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F5528.—One-piece dress with tucked treatment for interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43.



F5523



105



107



104

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 104.—GIRL'S PLEATED SKIRT

A hard-wearing skirt of cream wool twill cut out ready to machine. It has a tuck in the cotton bodice to allow for lengthening as the child grows. Sizes: Length 18in., 3 yrs., 9/2. Postage 6½d. extra. Length 19in., 3 yrs., 10/6. Postage 6½d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 11/3. Postage 7½d. extra. Length 21in., 5-6 yrs., 12/11. Postage 8½d. extra.

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The frock is cut out and ready to machine. The dress is a woollen crepe in mid-green, rose-pink, or sage-blue, with deep cream net and lace collar and cuffs. Sizes: Length 18in., 3 yrs., 10/11. Postage 6½d. extra. Length 19in., 3 yrs., 12/2. Postage 7½d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 17/6. Postage 7½d. extra. Length 21in., 5-6 yrs., 17/11. Postage 8½d. extra.

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A MIDWINTER SUGGESTION

From **MARGERY SPEED**
NAMCO'S Expert Home Service Adviser

STEWED CHICKEN DE LUXE

4 lb. chicken ½ cup water
 Salt & pepper 2 tab. dripping
 ½ onion chopped

Cut chicken into serving pieces. Heat cooker. Brown chicken well in dripping. Add seasoning and water. Pressure cook 18 to 25 minutes according to age of chicken.

SAUCE: 2 tab. butter Yolks of 2 eggs
 1 cup top milk ½ teaspoon salt
 2 tab. flour 1 tab. lemon juice
 ½ cup chopped parsley

Make with liquid from cooker, after pressure cooking chicken. Melt butter, add flour, blend well adding cooker liquid and milk slowly. Add parsley and bring to boil. Beat egg yolks and lemon and add to mixture. Simmer until thick. Pour over chicken on serving platter.

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